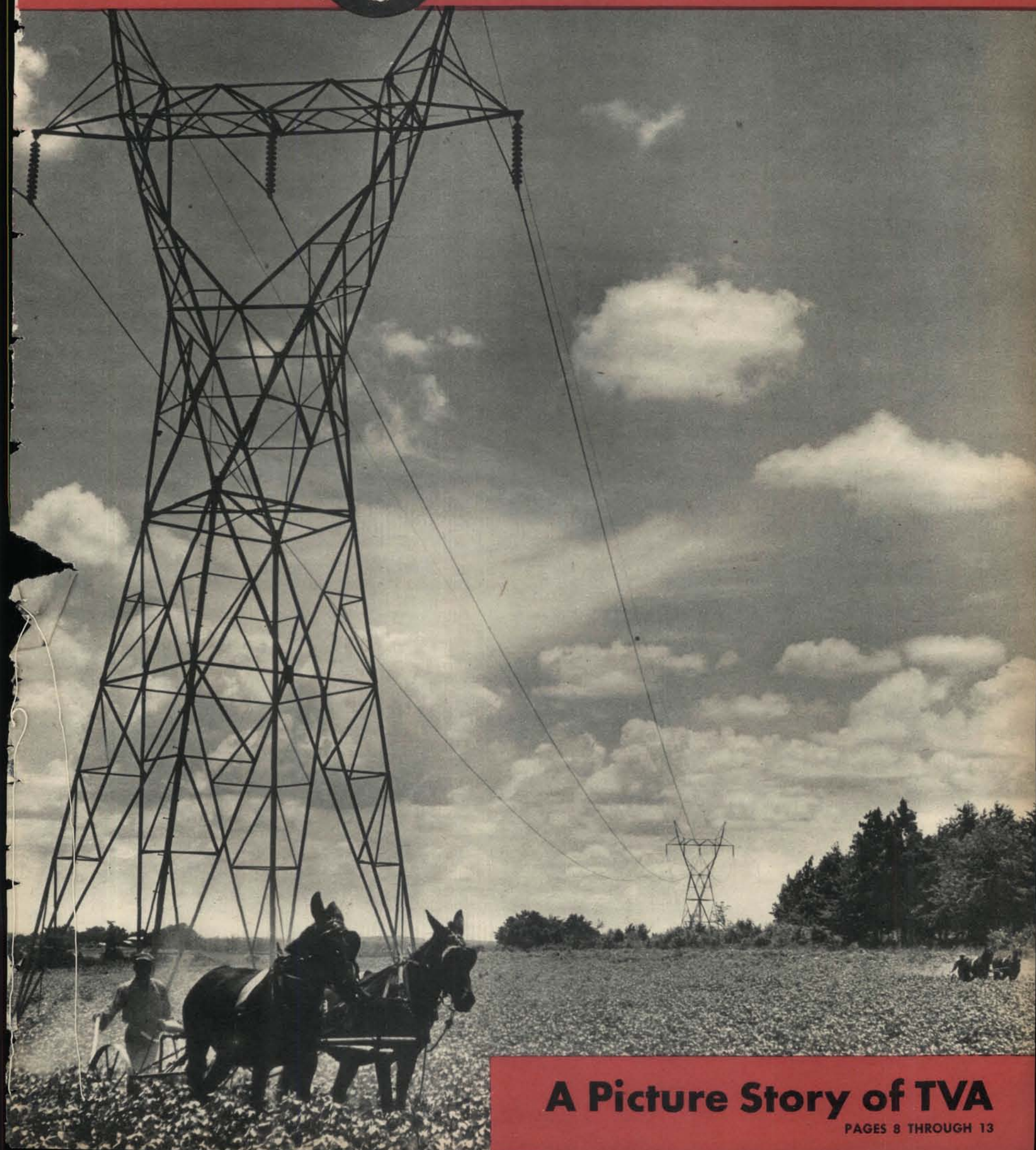
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ OCT. 12, 1945
VOL. 4, NO. 17

By and for men in the service



A Picture Story of TVA

PAGES 8 THROUGH 13

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Brought back to Manila, the former boss of the Japanese forces occupying the Philippines tells his American captors that his nation was licked by "science" and that GIs have big hearts — he hopes.

Yamashita, after crossing into our lines, is still warm from his walk.

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YAMASHITA gives up

By Sgt. BOB MacMILLAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA—Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita, who was the highest commander of the Imperial Japanese forces in the Philippines, is a big fellow with an oblong, shaved head, reddish eyes and a long upper lip. The Filipinos call him "Old Potato Face" and hate him so much they spit when they say his name. The Americans called him the "Tiger of Malaya" because he was the man who captured Singapore so fast it stunned the Allied world.

At Singapore Yamashita banged his fist on the table and shouted at the British general who surrendered, but the big fellow, who puffed as he entered the American lines after a seven-kilometer walk across a bad mountain trail, was friendly and jovial and the corners of his big, loose mouth were generally turned up sharply.

On this occasion, Yamashita's gray-green uniform hung loosely on him because he had lost a lot of weight back in the mountains. He wore only three ribbons and his commander's medallion, which reached down to about his stomach on his left side. His 700-year-old *Samurai* saber was razor sharp, and he kept a sharp eye on that saber. So did a lot of GIs.

The first thing he did when he reached the CP of Item Company, 128th Infantry, where he crossed the lines on his way to the formal surrender at Baguio, was to sit down heavily on a stool and take off his muddy shoes and wrap-leggings. A Jap orderly helped him get on his shiny boots. Then he lighted up a cigarette somebody had given him, nodded his head in gratitude, and looked around at the battered old schoolhouse where he waited for a truck to come and get him.

Some photographers came in, and their flashbulbs lit up the room. One photographer leaned over Lt. Gen. Akira Muto, the Japanese chief of staff, and held a camera and flashbulb right in his face as he took a picture of Yamashita. The bulb shattered with a loud pop and all the Jap underlings looked scared. Muto jerked his head back a trifle and his eyes widened behind his round spectacles. The photographer apologized and Muto wagged a finger at him.

"The war is over," he said. That broke the tension and all the Japs laughed. Somebody translated the remark and all the Americans laughed and began studying Muto with new interest. The old boy had a sense of humor.

When the trucks came the Japs were loaded into them and were driven off to Battalion Headquarters. Yamashita rode in the front seat of a ton-and-a-half. His staff rode behind and were well shaken up because the road was terrible. It had been impassable for weeks and the Engineers had worked like dogs to get it open at all.

At one particularly bad place the truck had to be pulled through by a bulldozer. As the tow-cable was being attached, a swarm of Filipinos who were trying to fill up the bog-hole with big stones caught sight of the Japs and heard that Yamashita was in the truck. It looked bad for a minute. They all had big stones in their hands and it was obvious that they had thought of a better use for them than filling up a hole. One or two of them ran up to the truck, waving the rocks. Some American colonels in the party stood up and shouted for them to go back and then the Engineers rushed up and chased them all away.

The Filipinos fell back, shaking their fists and shouting. Most of them yelled, *"Kraaaa! Kraaaa!"* and spat and made gestures across their throats with their fingers. *"Kraaaa!"* is what the Japs used to scream at the Filipinos when they wanted them to do something. It means "Attention!" or "Scram!" or something like that.

The Japs all looked solemn and embarrassed and a few of them seemed really scared. Yamashita sat stiffly and did not turn around. One of the Jap interpreters shrugged his shoulders as the truck finally lurched ahead.

"That is typical," he said, "of the weaker nations. Cruelty to the vanquished."

An American looked at him coldly. "I guess Japan is one of the weaker nations," he said. The interpreter swallowed hard and did not say anything for a long time.

AT Battalion Headquarters hundreds of GIs crowded around for a look at Yamashita and the other Japs. After a while the MPs chased everybody back. Gen. Muto got out and walked around on the road.

I asked him what he had been thinking about on his way to the surrender.

He said—through his interpreter—that he was thinking about the Americans. He said that he had thought he knew Americans before, but that he had found he was mistaken. He said that he knew Americans a lot better already—through fighting them—and that he intended to devote his life now to further understanding of them.

"That is the thing we must have," he declared, dead-pan. "We must have that for better friendliness and for co-prosperity."

I asked for a repetition of that last line—I wanted to be sure the words were Muto's and not the interpreter's, but that was what he said again. Co-prosperity. And he wasn't kidding.

Yamashita, Vice Admiral Denshichi Okuchi, who was on hand to surrender the non-existent Japanese naval forces in the Philippine waters, and their chiefs of staff left Battalion Headquarters in jeeps. The convoy rolled down out of the mountains onto the plain, where the Japs were astounded at the excellent roads and the long, straight lines of American tents of the 6th and 32d Divisions they passed.

"This is like a cinema," one of them said. But they hadn't seen anything yet.

AT Bagabag, where a big crowd of happy Filipinos jeered them, the Japs were fed. Yamashita asked for a second bottle of beer and got it. As soon as the meal was over the Japs were loaded back into the convoy and rushed out to the airstrip. The whole Jap party was jammed into one C-47—there were 25 of them, plus some MPs who had been selected because of their impressive size. The plane was overloaded and Lt. Donald B. Redhead, the pilot, had trouble getting off the ground. The plane bounced three or four times before it finally was airborne.

Just as the doors of the plane were being closed before the take-off, a desperate Jap orderly announced that he wanted to be excused for a minute. He had the GIs. All the Japs glared at him, one of their officers spoke sharply to him, and the orderly sat down on the floor of the plane, saying he would wait. This was a decision that was unanimously regretted by those aboard after the plane had bucked through the first of a series of air pockets. The Jap orderly was so humiliated and miserable that nobody would have been surprised had he committed hara-kiri.

Another convoy took Yamashita's party from Luna Airport to Baguio, where they spent the night and surrendered the next day. The surrender was a Big Deal and was attended by 20-odd American generals and one British general.

An aerial view of Yamashita's headquarters on Luzon, with a white marking strip (right foreground) and the trail by which the surrender parties left.

Yamashita, his uniform hanging loosely around him, enters U. S. lines after a seven-kilometer walk across the mountains.

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It also was attended by an assortment of lesser brass, war correspondents, radio announcers, Wacs and MPs, as well as by Leading Air Craftsman (Pfc.) Philips Keiths, an Aussie soldier from Sydney who happened to be in Baguio and thought he would like to see the surrender. He walked in as if he belonged there and nobody questioned him at all. He considered the surrender performance very commendable and stated for publication that he was bloody well glad the war was over.

It was raining outside and, when the ceremonies were over, a big crowd of officers (including full colonels) who couldn't get in and enlisted men who hadn't expected to get in anyhow watched as the limousines purred up to the portico, picked up the high brass, and roared away. The Japs were the last to leave. They were going to New Bilibid Prison, traveling to Manila in the same plane that had brought them to Baguio.

Yamashita was in fine fettle. He seemed perfectly willing to talk and might well have been a commander returning from a successful conquest rather than a defeated man on his way to prison —and possible war-criminal charges. He laughed and chortled and had a wonderful time.

I asked him what he thought the attitude of Japan would be in defeat.

"This is a great opportunity," Yamashita replied through an American interpreter, "for America and Japan to understand each other better.

"Rain," he added, "will harden the ground."

The interpreter said this was a Japanese proverb to the effect that while rain creates a momentary disturbance and makes the soil mushy, the ultimate effect is to settle and harden the earth. The general idea seemed to be that this "disturbance" in which Japan had been slapped down would ultimately benefit both Japan and America.

I asked Yamashita what he considered the fundamental reason for Japan's defeat.

He opened his eyes wide and worked his long upper lip and then shouted, above the roar of the engines, "Science!"

He said it in English and that was the only word he said in English.

It wasn't necessary to bat that one around to find out what he meant. America's productive capacity, the jeep, the bulldozer, the landing craft, the fleets of airplanes, the long supply lines that worked—all these things, plus the science of using them, came into mind. And, superimposed upon all the rest and sort of a symbol of it all—the atomic bomb.

Like everybody else, Yamashita feels that mankind will just have to wait and see how atomic energy is used in the future.

I tried to figure out how many points Yamashita had but we couldn't get anywhere on that one. He is regular army—has been in for 40 years. In the last war he was a lieutenant. He looked around until he found an American lieutenant and pointed to his bar. Then he tramped his feet up and down and rocked with laughter. Tramping his feet was to show that he had been in the Infantry.

I asked him how he kept so healthy, and a sly look came over his face. He held up a finger near his nose, as Santa Claus is supposed to do, and said, "Caution." He elaborated in pantomime. He made the standard gesture for a drink, and then indicated, waving his hand, that he didn't drink much. Then he indicated that he didn't eat much, either.

I called him on the drinking. I reminded him that he was the only one who had two beers at Bagabag the day before.

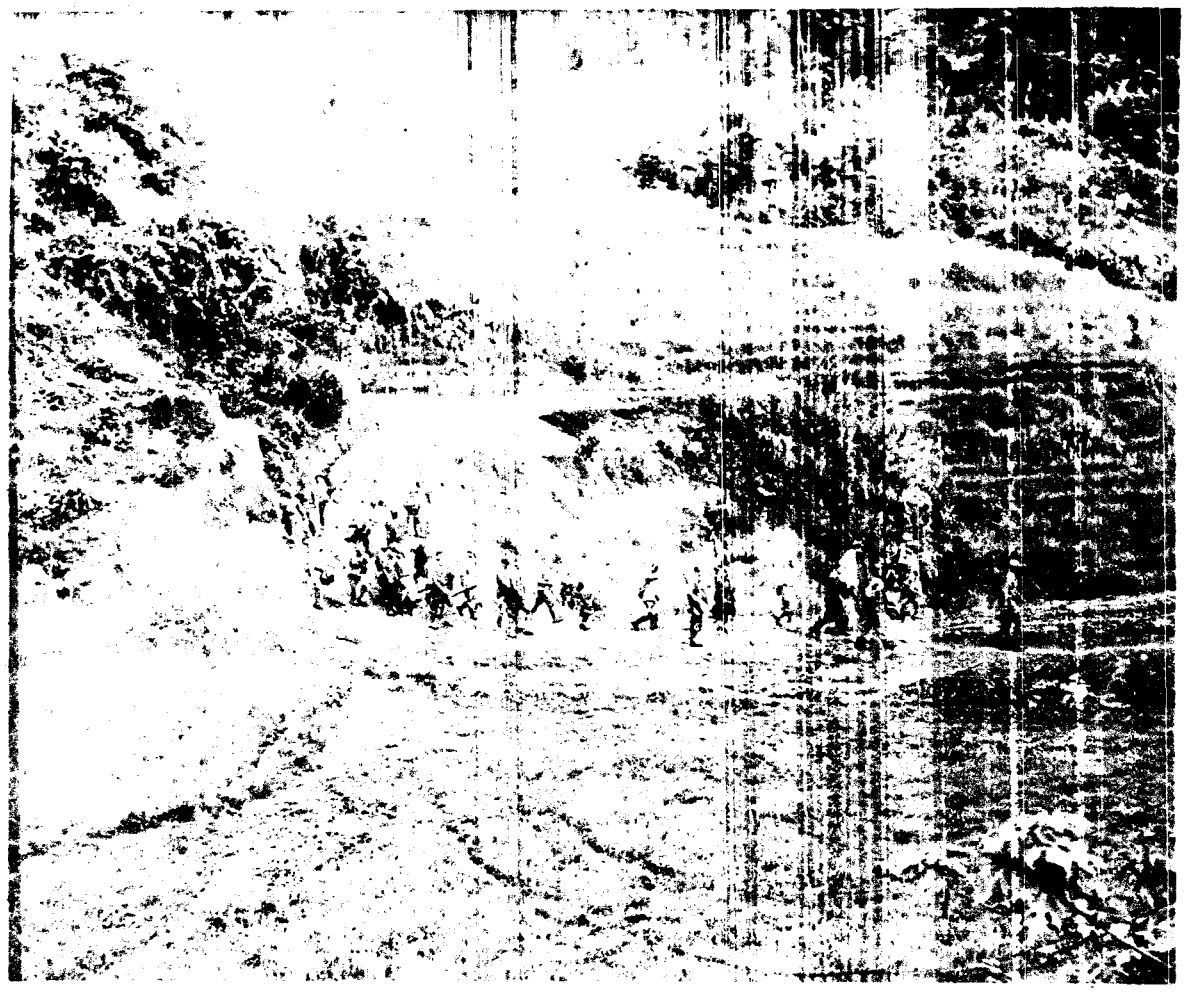
"Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no!" said Yamashita. "The first bottle by my plate was empty already." He laughed again, and gave me a funny look. I still don't know whether he was kidding me or whether somebody really swiped his beer at Bagabag.

I asked him what he thought about the American soldier. He did a lot of talking to the interpreter. "Americans," he said, "are very clean-cut people. That is the way all people ought to be. The American soldier is generally level-headed. He may get excited and hot-headed, but it is soon forgotten."

Yamashita leaned back in his seat.

"The American soldier has a big heart," he said.

"He hopes," said the interpreter.



The photographer gets a long view of the Jap surrender party as it comes out of the hills.

Gen. Yamashita at Item Company as he talked to American officers with his head uncovered.

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Insurance

GI Life Insurance—what it is and what you can do with it after your discharge—has puzzled a lot of soldiers. Here YANK tries to untangle some knots.

By Sgt. MAX NOVACK
YANK Staff Writer

MOST men in the service have probably never read AR 600-110, which gives all the dope on National Service Life Insurance; even those who have sometimes come up with questions about GI policies. YANK *gets a large number of questions about NSLI, and separation-center counselors say that National Service Life Insurance seems to be the least well understood of all GI benefits. The answers to the following questions—the questions most frequently asked about GI insurance—may help to set you straight on some of the more important provisions.*

Is there any way that I can convert my GI insurance policy so that it will pay off in a lump sum?

■ No, there is not. Even if you convert your GI term insurance into ordinary life, 20-payment life or 30-payment life, it never pays off in a lump sum. If you're carrying $10,000-worth of insurance, your beneficiary will get a monthly check, determined by his or her age at the time of your death, until at least $10,000 is paid off. In no case will a beneficiary receive a check for the entire $10,000 at once.

Does a GI have to convert his insurance when he is discharged from the service?

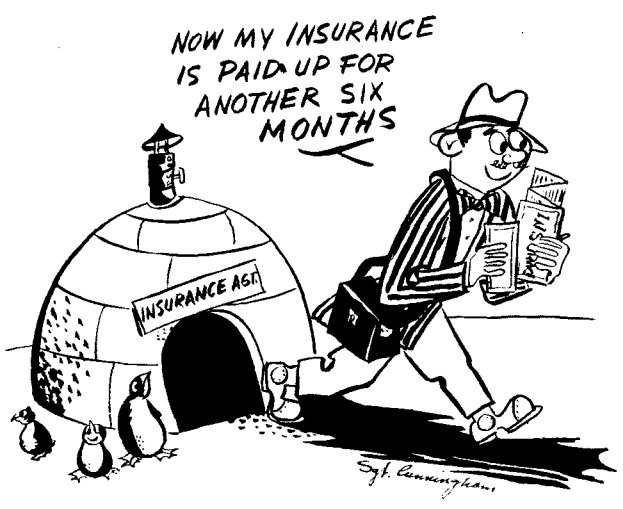
■ He does not. The policy as originally issued is good for eight years without being converted. The GI who wishes to do so can wait until the eight years are about to expire and then convert. Since most GIs have no way of knowing how much money they will be able to put aside for insurance premiums as civilians, it may be wise to wait before converting.

How much more expensive are the converted forms of insurance? At the present time I am paying $7.10 a month for a $10,000 policy. If I convert to a 20-payment life policy, how much will I have to pay?

■ If you convert, your premium will be $23.10 a month. Generally, the policies to which GIs may convert cost from two to three times as much as the term insurance issued at the time they entered the service.

What advantage is there in converting my term policy to one of the other three types of insurance?

■ The chief advantage is that any one of the three types to which you may convert carries a cash surrender value. Your present form of insurance does not have such a provision. The cash surrender privilege means that you can accumulate cash in your policy against which you may borrow or which you may withdraw when you need money.



I would like very much to continue my GI insurance after my discharge, but I have heard that the insurance isn't any good if I leave the States. Is that correct?

■ Your information is not correct. Your GI insurance will protect you no matter where you go. National Service Life Insurance is free from restrictions as to residence, travel, occupation, or military or naval service.

I say that GI insurance pays off to a GI's widow even if she remarries, but my buddies insist that it only pays while she remains unmarried. Who is right?

■ You are. National Service Life Insurance has nothing to do with the marital status of the beneficiary. If a widow remarries, the monthly payments on the insurance keep right on coming for a specified number of years without regard to her financial or marital status.

The beneficiary of my GI insurance policy, my father, is quite old, and he may not live long. Assuming that he may die before anything happens to me, who would get the benefit of my insurance?

■ If you have not named a second beneficiary, your insurance will be paid to the following, in the order named: 1) to your widow, if living; 2) if no widow, to your child or children (including adopted children) in equal shares; 3) if no widow or child, to your other parent; 4) if no widow, child or parents, to your brothers and sisters (including those of the half-blood), in equal shares.

I had a lot of debts when I enlisted. In all they amount to over $3,500. One of my creditors has threatened to get a court order and put a lien on my policy. He claims he can get his hands on the money already paid into the policy via the premiums. Can he do that?

■ He cannot. National Service Life Insurance policies are free from the claims of civil creditors, and they cannot be attached for your debts under any circumstances. If you should die, the money goes to your beneficiary, and no one can get any part of it for your debts.

I have been paying premiums on a $10,000 GI insurance policy. I have my mother, who is fairly old, as first beneficiary. If my first beneficiary dies before the $10,000 is paid out, the rest automatically goes to my dad, who is no youngster. Did you know that the insurance pays only (and this is an actual case) $52.80 a month (in this case) for 120 months, or $6,336? This is a $3,664 swindle on a guy who thought he bought a $10,000 policy. Are my facts right?

■ No. A recent amendment to the National Service Life Insurance Act authorizes what are known as Refund Life Income Settlements that enable a beneficiary to avoid the situation you describe. The chief change is in the payments on policies to beneficiaries over 30 years of age. Under the old plan, the first beneficiary received, for life, payments based on the beneficiary's age. If the first beneficiary died before receiving a total of 120 payments, the second beneficiary received payments at the same rate until a total of 120 payments had been made. In such a case, the total might be less than the face value of the policy. Under the new plan, the first beneficiary, if over 30, will still receive payments for life, although at a slightly reduced rate. If the first beneficiary dies before receiving payments amounting to the face value of the policy, the second beneficiary will receive payments until a total equal to the face value of the policy has been paid—in your case, the full $10,000. To come within this new plan you must request your orderly room to change the method of payment. Even if you do not apply for the change, your first beneficiary may, upon your death, elect to receive payments under the new plan.

I have been having an argument about my GI insurance, and I sure would appreciate it if you'd set me straight. I contend that if I die in service, my wife gets not only a monthly payment on my insurance, but also a widow's pension. Others say that in such a case my wife would get only the insurance money, because the insurance cuts off the possibility of a pension. Am I right?

■ You are right. No matter how much insurance a GI has, his wife gets a widow's pension if he dies in service. One thing has nothing to do with the other, and the GI who had the foresight to buy National Service Life Insurance is simply giving his family added protection.

I have always been told that no matter whom I named as the beneficiary of my policy, if I got married my wife would collect. Recently I was married, and I'd hate to break the news to my family by changing the policy over to my wife. Isn't it a fact that if a soldier has his insurance made out to his parents, and he is married, his wife can collect on the insurance if he dies?

■ No, it is not. Unless you change your beneficiary, your wife will not collect one cent of your insurance. Once a beneficiary is named, only that person can collect on GI insurance.

For the last few months I have been trying to find out just how my GI insurance pays off. How much would my wife, who is 28 years old, get if anything happens to me?

■ Your beneficiary gets monthly payments based on her age at the time of your death. A wife who is under 30 would get $55.51 a month for 20 years. If she were 30 or over she would get smaller monthly payments based on her age, but these payments would continue for the rest of her life.

There is so much confusion about who can be the beneficiary of GI insurance that I wish you would set me straight. I understand that a cousin cannot be a beneficiary of the insurance in its original form (the term policy). What happens if we convert? Do we get the right to name anyone we want as beneficiary in such a case?

■ You do not. Whether National Service Life Insurance is carried in the form of term insurance or in one of its other three forms does not matter. The beneficiaries are restricted to parents (including persons who have been legal guardians for more than a year previous to the man's entrance into service), husbands or wives, brothers and sisters, including those of the half-blood, and children.

If a GI converts his term policy to one of the other three types of insurance and later finds that he cannot meet the increased premiums, what happens? Can he, at that time, change back to a term policy at the lower rate?

■ No, he cannot. Once a policy is changed from its original form to one of the other forms, it may not be changed back again. The only thing that may be done is to reduce the face amount of insurance that is being carried so as to cut down on the total premiums.

I took out my GI insurance policy in 1942. I have never changed the form of insurance I have been carrying, and recently I heard that instead of expiring in 1947, my policy is now good until 1950. Of course, I understand that I can convert my insurance before it expires, but is it true that I now have three additional years in which to make up my mind?

■ That is true. The insurance as originally issued was a five-year term policy which in your case would have expired in 1947. However, a recent amendment to the insurance law extended the five-year period to eight years, and your original policy will not expire until 1950.

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DUBLIN, EIRE

American soldiers find a rare Gaelic welcome in Dublin by the Liffey, and the Irish are not backward telling a GI on furlough what the States are like

By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

EIRE—It was a beautiful day in Dublin. Floating down the Liffey, neat little barges with red-topped funnels, loaded with brown barrels of Guinness stout, symbolized pre-war living and good appetites.

Along the riverside the sunshine accentuated, rainbow-wise, the soft greens, blues, reds and yellows with which Dublin's tall Georgian houses are painted. It was low tide and, like a green ribbon along the quay wall, a strip of seaweed stretched as far as one could see.

The centerpiece of this picture was an American sergeant walking across O'Connell Bridge hand-in-hand with a girl in a red dress who looked like Maureen O'Sullivan. If he had looked up, no doubt he would have run for his life. Behind him were at least 50 people, seemingly unconscious that together they made a crowd, following in absorbed interest.

He was apparently the first American soldier they had seen in Dublin, and the people were in a mood to be carried completely away. The war was over, but the neutral Irish wanted us to know that they were on our side.

Actually the first American soldier to arrive was Capt. Michael Buckley, a chaplain on leave from the Munich area. He arrived two days after Mr. De Valera's Government had raised the ban on the wearing of foreign uniforms, as a postwar, pro-American gesture, in order to enable Americans with relatives in Eire to visit them before going back to the States.

Some thousands of Americans have visited Eire this summer, but in those early days when the sergeant and his girl drew a crowd, no more than a few hundred had been seen in Dublin. Most GIs who got enough time off to visit had relatives in more remote parts of the country—western Ireland, Galway and Cork.

Americans in Dublin then got as much attention as the first baby panda in the Bronx Zoo. This continued until the novelty of seeing the uniform wore off. When an American walked down a Dublin street he passed through a chorus of "Ooh, a Yank!" accompanied by a lot of nudging and unabashed smiles among the groups of people walking towards him. It was all a little late—reminiscent of a very patriotic American town in 1942.

Things have sobered down some, but GIs are still followed by tribes of wild, ragged, barefooted children, whose legs and feet look as if they have been lashed with hail and rain—and, as they walk about with bare legs and feet all the year round, they probably are. Aside from that, the kids look in the pink of health.

They are all eager to hear a genuine American accent. A favorite trick is for the leader of a gang to sidle up with a speculative look and ask, "What's the time, mister?" If it's your first day in Dublin you look at your watch and say, "It's half-past three," or whatever it happens to be. At this the kid dashes off with screams of laughter and repeats this in an exaggerated American intonation to the rest of the gang.

About two weeks after the first Americans arrived, a strange distortion of an old battlecry was heard in Dublin. "Have you got any gumchum, sir?" the kids asked. They thought that gum and chum were two syllables of the same word.

Some old people in Dublin have somehow interpreted the "gum, chum" expression as something you say in America instead of "How do you do?" It is very funny to see old people who have no operative use for the stuff giving you a toothless smile, raising their hats and saying, "Have you got any gum, chum?" in greeting.

Every Irishman seems to have some connections in America. The Irishmen stop GIs and say insistently, "I lived in the States for 15 years," or, "I've sold some property at Rockaway Beach," or, "I've got a nephew in the American Army in the Pacific."

One outspoken old gent in a tweed suit halted in front of me and said: "I'm a veteran of the last war. It's good to see an American soldier."

As he spoke he looked over his shoulder, and his tone sounded threatening. I thought this strange, then realized that his words were a greeting to me and also a challenge to anyone who might disagree with him. No one did, of course. But it was just another example of the passionate, protesting Irish welcome.

The welcome the students of Trinity College give GIs is a bit on the intellectual side. I was standing on the O'Connell Bridge when two students approached me with: "We're going to a lecture; how would you like to go along?"

FIVE minutes later I was sitting in a classroom listening to a white-haired professor lecture on the 18th century novel. There were about 15 students in the room. Some of them were reading 20th century novels under their desks.

The professor talked for about 20 minutes. Then, in what I can only interpret as deference to me, he swung the lecture from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" to Edmund Burke's speech in the House of Commons against British taxation of the American colonies.

The Irish surprise you with their infinite knowledge of the U. S. I was walking down Grafton Street when a voice which seemed to come from nowhere called out, "Hey, Yank, where you from in the States?"

I looked up and saw an old cab driver sitting cross-legged in the high seat of his horse-drawn vehicle, watching everyone passing by. His derby hat and hansom cab looked equally battered.

I told him, "California."

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"Here's a man who knows all about that," he said, beckoning to a dyspeptic-looking character on crutches who was leaning against the wall within earshot.

The character hobbled over. "California?" he asked, like a bored travel agent. "L. A. or 'Frisco?"

"'Frisco," I said.

"Market Street, Van Ness Avenue, Sutter Street, Kearny . . . " he recited. "Christ, I was there before the 'quake. Then in 1917 for 10 years. You know the Mark Hopkins, Fairmont Hotel, St. Francis . . . ?" he asked, reeling off one hotel after another. "I was a bellhop there."

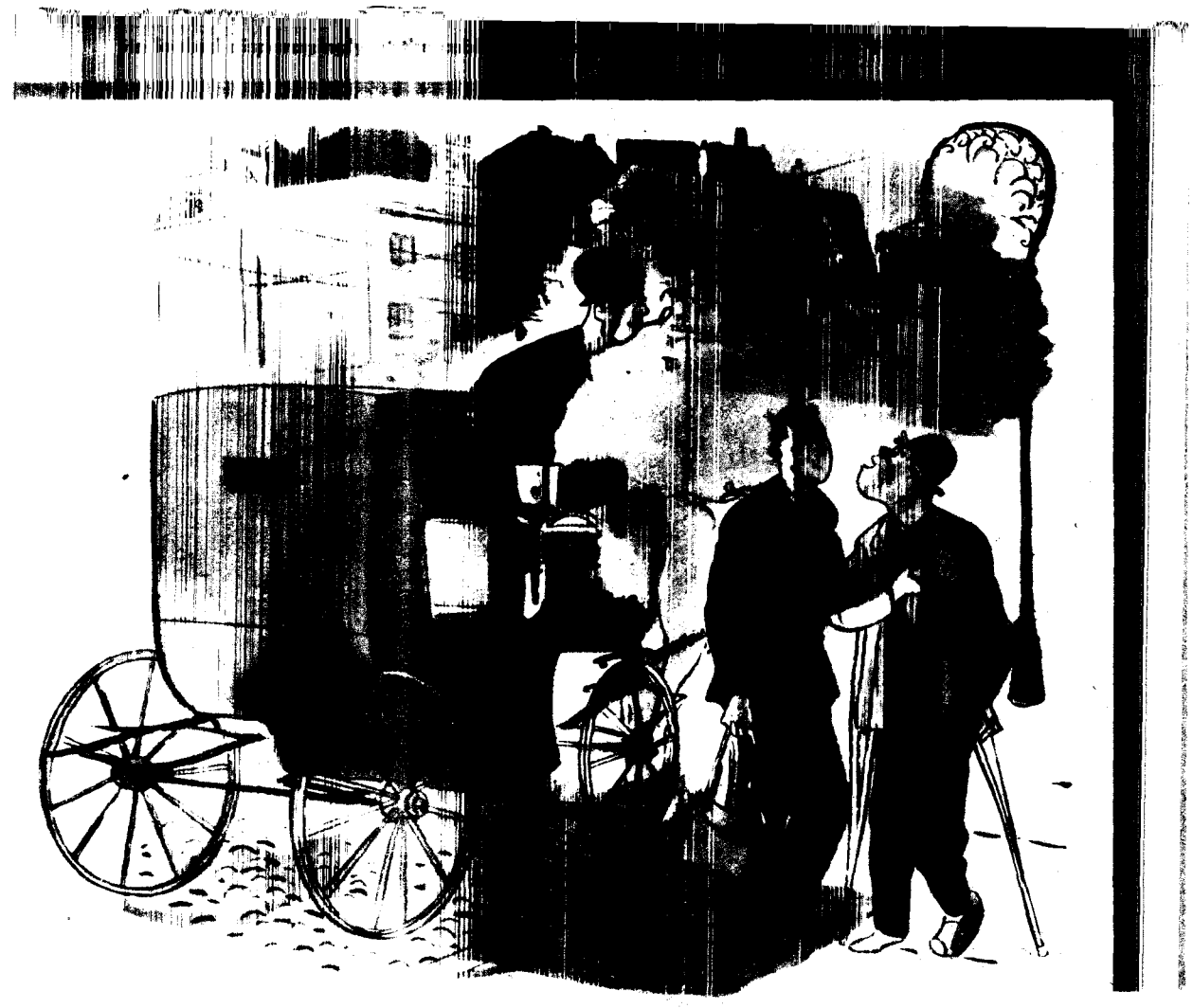
He stopped to look disparagingly at the cabby. "He doesn't know what a 'bellhop' is." Then, raising his voice, he said, "But I was a bellhop in every hotel in 'Frisco."

The cabby broke in excitedly, pointing his whip up O'Connell Street. "But did you ever see such a fine-looking street as that, with two lines of such fine-looking tram cars?" he asked.

"Oh, for Christ's sake," the walking U. S. atlas exclaimed in disgust, "do you know that in Canal Street, New Orleans, they've got *five* lines of trams running up the middle—all in one street?"

It was too much. He hobbled back to lean against the wall. The cabby shrugged his shoulders and looked hurt. After a few seconds he said respectfully, "That's Mr. O'Rourke. He knows every corner of your country."

Later on I met a character who professed more than just a passing knowledge of the U. S. He introduced himself by showing me an Irish penny. "Gimme another one, bud, for a cup of cawfee," he demanded in a strong nasal accent, heavily affected. He added piteously, "I'm an American on the rocks."



THE next day I bumped into him again. When he made the same approach, I pointed out that we had been through this routine only yesterday. "Ah, that's okay," he said. "I'll be seeing you again in Vancouver, Montreal, New York" —implying that he would pay me back when we ran into each other again in this small world.

The big story in the Dublin papers on the day I arrived was about a local boy who was up on charges in the Children's Court for stealing a book from the public library. The book was about tanks. His father pleaded that the court be lenient, explaining that his son had "gone mad on tanks" as a result of a long correspondence with U. S. generals.

To prove it, he showed the judge a letter his son had received from Gen. Gerow of the U. S. Fifteenth Army. The boy had written to Gen. Gerow congratulating him on his direction of the fighting during the Battle of the Bulge, and received in reply a letter from the general's aide stating, "Gen. Gerow is most pleased to receive your letter of well wishes."

The case was dismissed under the Probation Act.

Many of the GIs who come to Dublin are met by representatives of the Irish Tourist Association who offer to show them the town.

To the question, "What do you want to see first?" the GIs generally reply, "A filet steak, and after that anything you say."

However, one group of GIs was a little more specific. When a trip to the *Dail* (Irish Parliament), Trinity College or Guinness Brewery was suggested, a GI stepped forward, waved these ideas aside and announced decisively, "We want to see Mr. De Valera."

"Dev!" the guide exclaimed in alarm. "No one ever sees Dev. He's usually nine-feet deep in private detectives."

"Just show us where he lives," the GI suggested.

The guide took them to the door and set out, shaking his head skeptically.

But the next day Dublin citizens reading their morning papers whooped, "Well done!" like a defeated English cricket team. The paper said that the American soldiers had an informal chat with *An Taoiseach* which lasted 15 minutes. The Americans said they had no trouble at all. Mr. De Valera went out of his way to welcome them and told them if they were ever in the country again to be sure to drop in.

The film "Going My Way" is a big success in Dublin. The week I was there it was playing in a movie house just around the corner from the famous Abbey Theater, where Barry Fitzgerald and his brother, Arthur Shields, started their careers. Everyone seems to think a great deal of it. A Franciscan monk, whom I happened to be sitting next to in a train, tapped a parish priest on the knee to inquire if he had seen it.

The priest said he had, and nodded appreciatively.

"Yes," the monk sighed reminiscently, "for me that was It."

Gasoline is very scarce in Eire, so you don't see many cars or buses. In Dublin people queue up for transportation. The shortage of gas has given birth to a new industry—not, as you might think, cheaply manufactured bicycles. but street musicians who entertain the people who have to wait in the queues. You see the musicians in almost every block, generally a husband-wife-and-child team. The wife sings, the husband accompanies her on the accordion, and the child sells the lyrics or sheet music. Such teams are said to make about a pound a day.

The most popular ballad is "Lily, the Lamp Lighter," better known in the rest of the world as "Lily Marlene."

THERE is a cigarette shortage, too. When GIs go into a tobacconist in search of cigarettes they are often told, "Sorry, sir, we've only got American." This rather disparaging tone is not meant to be offensive, and if you decide to buy a package of American cigarettes you see what the tobacconist means. Chesterfields and a number of other popular brands are stale. Apparently, they have been in stock since the war started. Other American cigarettes are the brands which sprang up in the States during the shortage. If the tobacconist sells you these he adds jokingly, "I can get a coffin for you wholesale."

One of the most colorful characters in Dublin is Jack Doyle, the Irish boxer. The Irish call him the "Fighting Canary" because he has combined his career with crooning during the last few years. He wears an orange tie knotted in the Duke-of-Windsor manner and a suit which is so drape in shape that it is far more characteristic of Lenox Avenue, New York, than O'Connell Street, Dublin.

The fact that singing takes up a lot of his time makes his old opponents resentful. There is a story that he was singing "Mother Machree" in Tuam, Galway, one night when Martin Thornton, the Irish heavyweight champion, challenged him from the audience. Doyle paid no attention at first, but he was interrupted so many times that he was forced to stop the performance and accept the challenge, making a date for one fight in Dublin and one in Galway.

It's practically unfair to describe the food in Eire. Most GIs and a good many of their families back home have forgotten what such food and drink taste like. There are, as the British say, lashings of whipped cream, salmon, chicken, eggs, milk and tender steaks as large as doorsteps.

In a restaurant called Jammet's, there are 80 different items on the menu. The last thing I remember eating there was ice cream mounted on whipped cream, mounted on strawberries, mounted on meringue.

The bars are full of whisky, Portuguese sherry, brandy, gin and liqueurs. After seeing the empty bottles which decorate the shelves in British pubs, this sight is a bit overpowering.

Scenically, Dublin is a lot like Paris. It has wide, sweeping streets and a river running through the town arched with delicate white bridges. It has a non-commercial atmosphere, with no soot, no factories.

All this was summed up in a bit of understatement by Mr. Eugene O'Brien. His pub is across the street from the Abbey Theater.

"And what do you think of Ireland?" he asked three GIs who had just walked in. They went into raptures, using superlatives more characteristic of Hollywood trailers than ordinary GI conversation.

He listened, then bought them three drinks and sat down opposite them to think it over.

"Well," he said finally, "it's not such a bad little island. It's a lot better than some of those in the Pacific."

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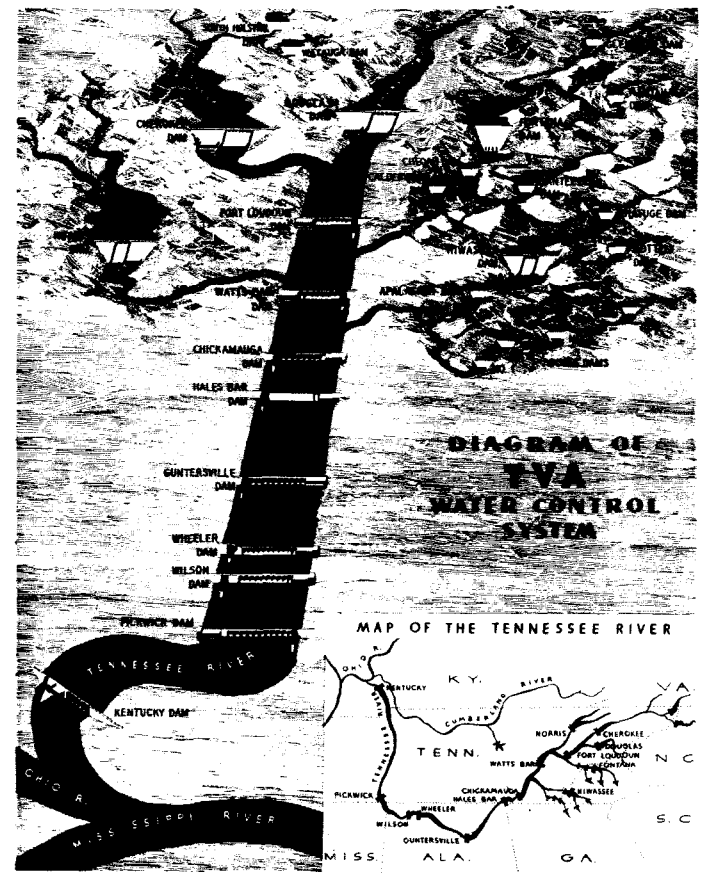
TVA

The simple [illegible] here [illegible] by the girders of its [illegible] architecture.

IN the Tennessee Valley Authority, Americans have an institution unique in the nation's history. It represents a first, and highly successful, attempt at realizing all of the power and resources of a given portion of the land. U.S. rivers had been controlled before against floods, altered to improve navigation and harnessed to produce power. But never had an entire river system been improved in all three of these respects. TVA has done this, and the deed has become a stirring illustration of the Authority's basic purpose: to increase the income and living conditions of the valley's people. The success of this project has brought proposals for similar authorities in other U.S. valleys, notably the Missouri. Most Americans aren't aware of the role TVA power played in the country's war effort, but it was known to the Germans. The FBI has revealed that the eight Nazi saboteurs landed by submarine on our East Coast had instructions to destroy TVA installations—especially those providing the tremendous voltage for what the nation has since learned is the atomic bomb plant at Oak Ridge, Tenn. When YANK's photographer, Sgt. George Aarons, and reporter Sgt. Burgess Scott toured the valley, TVA placed every facility at their disposal to aid in gathering this pictorial report on America's greatest regional development project.



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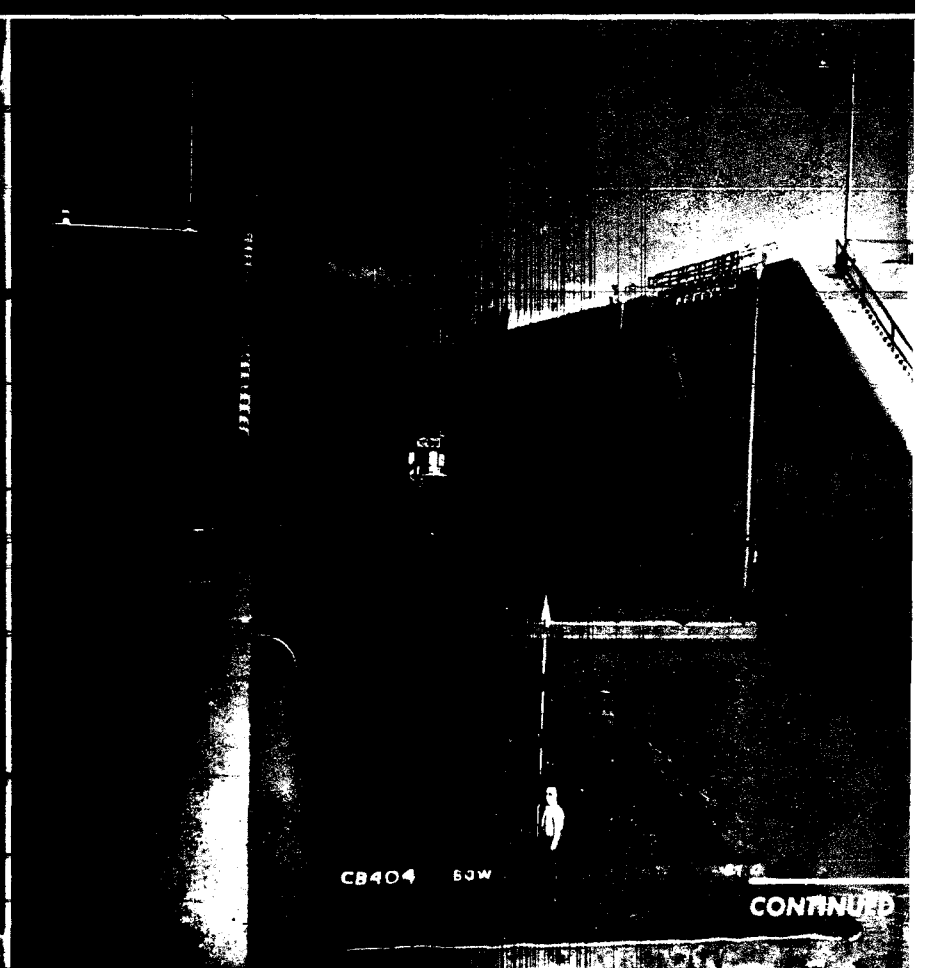
THE DAMS Dams are the core of TVA, producing the power, controlling the floods, and providing a **650-mile year-round** navigable channel from the Tennessee's head of navigation above Knoxville to its mouth in **western Kentucky.** Of 21 dams in this area, TVA has built 16. TVA dams protect both the Tennessee and lower Mississippi valleys **against floods.**

Night scene at Fontana Dam in northwestern North Carolina. With a top height of 480 feet, it's fourth largest in the world. Fontana **now produces 135,000 kv. of power.**

Generators in the powerhouse of Chickamauga Dam near Chattanooga. Each is [illegible] which is turned by water the dam impounds.



Diesel tug nudges its three coal barges **into the lock of the Guntersville,** Ala., Dam. The 360-foot lock lifts or lowers **large tows an average of 40 feet.**

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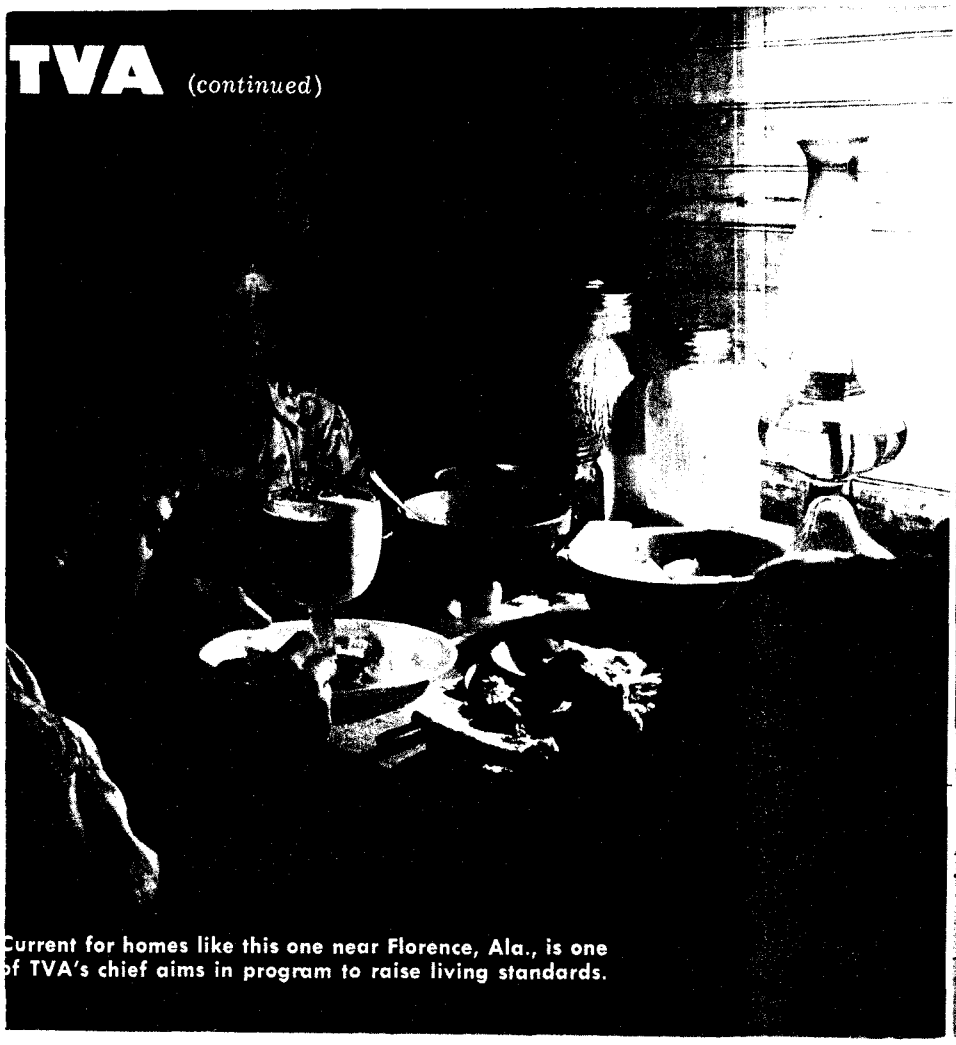
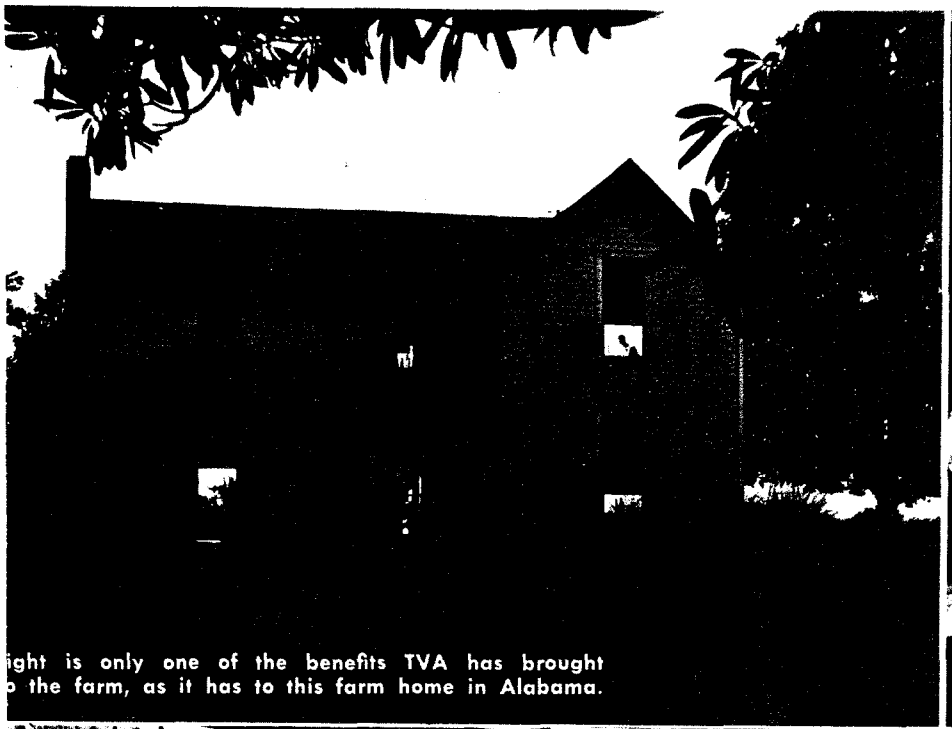


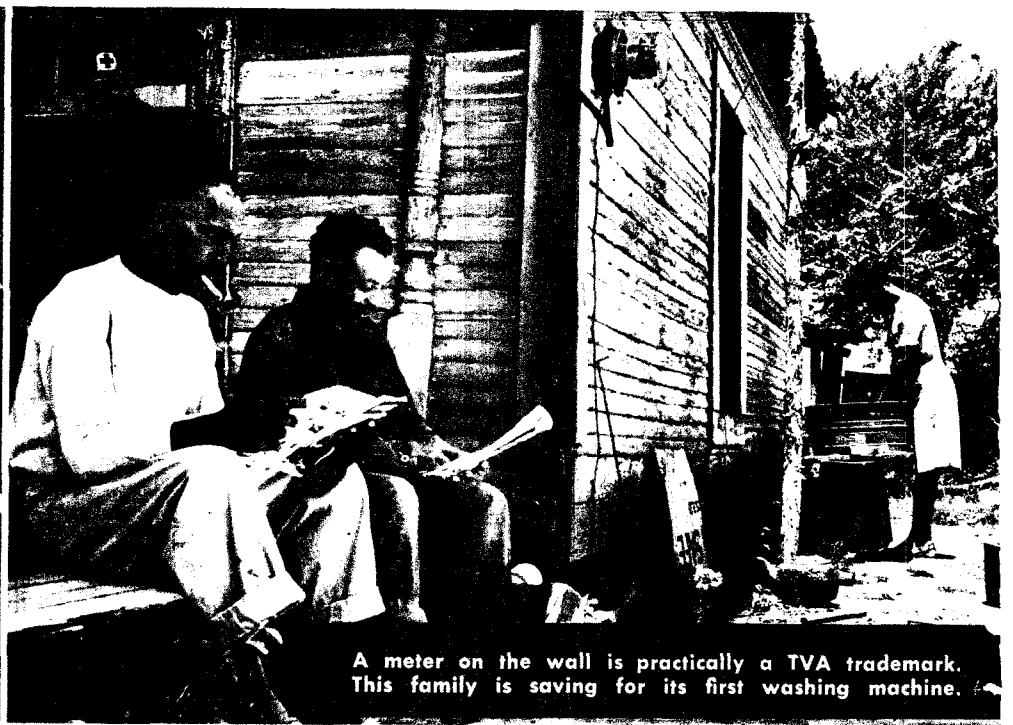
Current for homes like this one near Florence, Ala., is one of TVA's chief aims in program to raise living standards.

In many homes the goal has been achieved. This is Betty Jo Bales, 18, in her farm home near Morristown, Tenn.

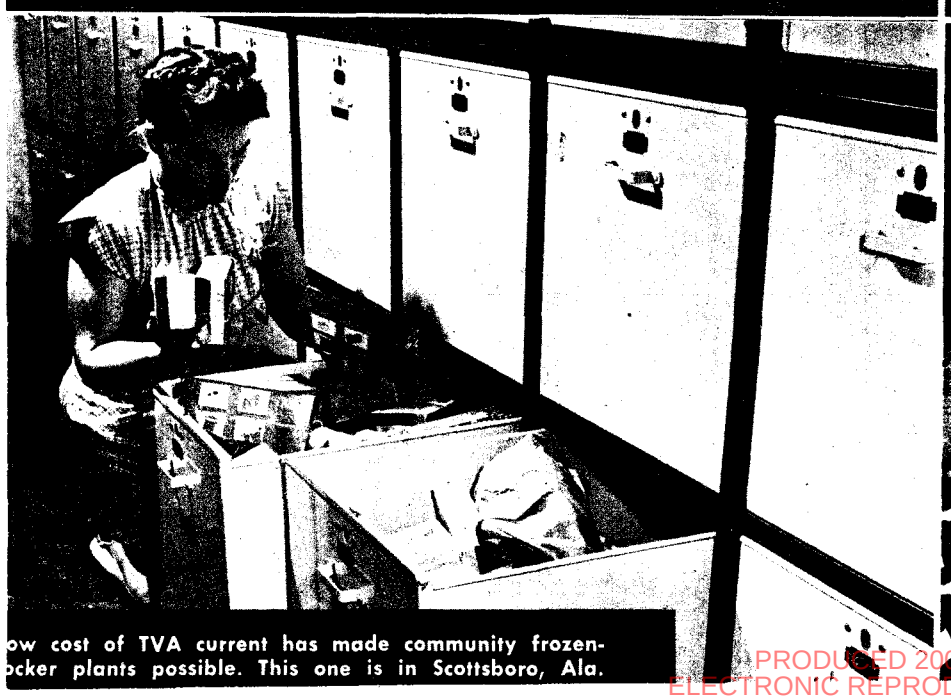
WHAT POWER DOES Electricity produced by TVA flows into a network of power lines which extends from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Mississippi River to the Appalachians. Standby-power from TVA can ease an electrical emergency in Detroit or New Orleans. During the war years 75 percent of TVA's current went to defense industries.



ight is only one of the benefits TVA has brought o the farm, as it has to this farm home in Alabama.



A meter on the wall is practically a TVA trademark. This family is saving for its first washing machine.



ow cost of TVA current has made community frozen-ocker plants possible. This one is in Scottsboro, Ala.

Phosphorus made at TVA's Muscle Shoals plant was loaded into 105-mm shells at Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Ala.

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Navigability of the Tennessee plus TVA power gave northern Alabama a shipbuilding industry. Seagoing craft built in Decatur can steam to Gulf.

Mrs. Ruth Sims welding an army canteen in a Decatur-owned defense plant. Like many other workers, she was a housewife before plant started.

A maze of cables feeds TVA current into this electric furnace at Muscle Shoals. It produced elemental phosphorus for artillery shells, bombs.

Because Tennessee soil badly needed phosphorus, TVA initially converted the Muscle Shoals nitrate fertilizer plant to phosphate. It was altered to make great quantity of phosphorus compounds war requires.

CONTINUED

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This is erosion at its worst. Fumes from a copper smelter near Copperhill, Tenn., killed all vegetation; rain and run-off did the rest. These homes cling to small remaining patches of topsoil. TVA has started replanting.

THE LAND Care of the land has always had a large share of TVA's attention. The valley's heavy rainfall—sometimes as much as 80 inches a year in the Great Smokies—posed an erosion problem that was threatening much of the good farm land. By introducing proper farming practices, reforestation and covering exposed land with vegetation, TVA has checked erosion.

VA has two nurseries to provide the millions of trees needed to rescue roded land. This one at Muscle Shoals contains more than 2,000,000 trees.

C. W. Rollings has taken care of his land near Guntersville, Ala. With his field plowed on the contour and his hill terraced, he escaped erosion.

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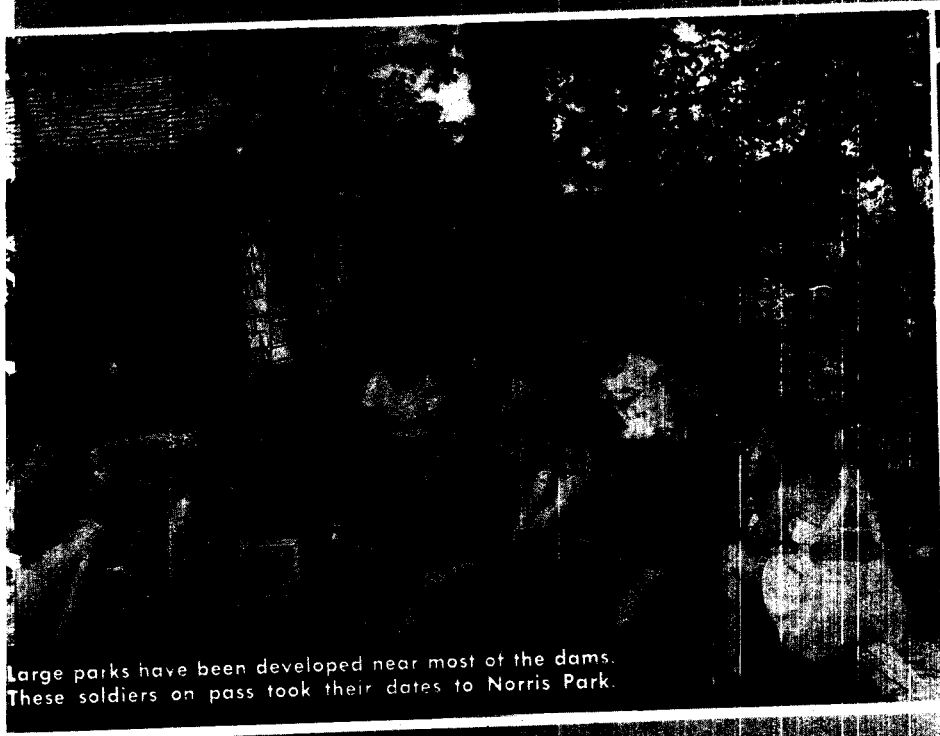
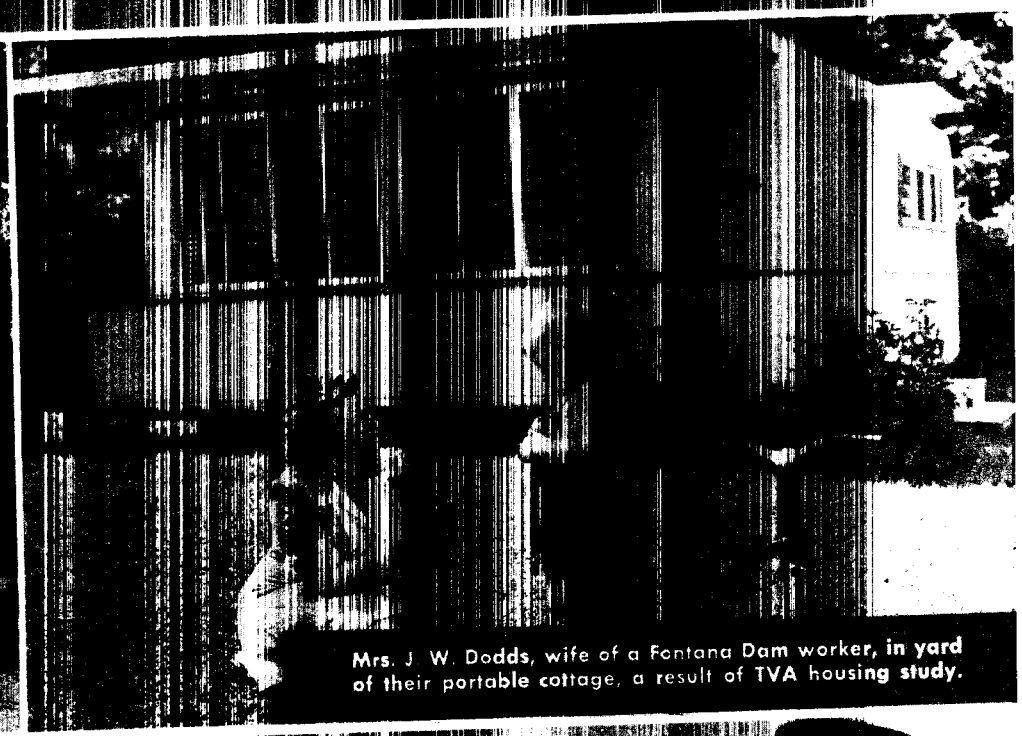
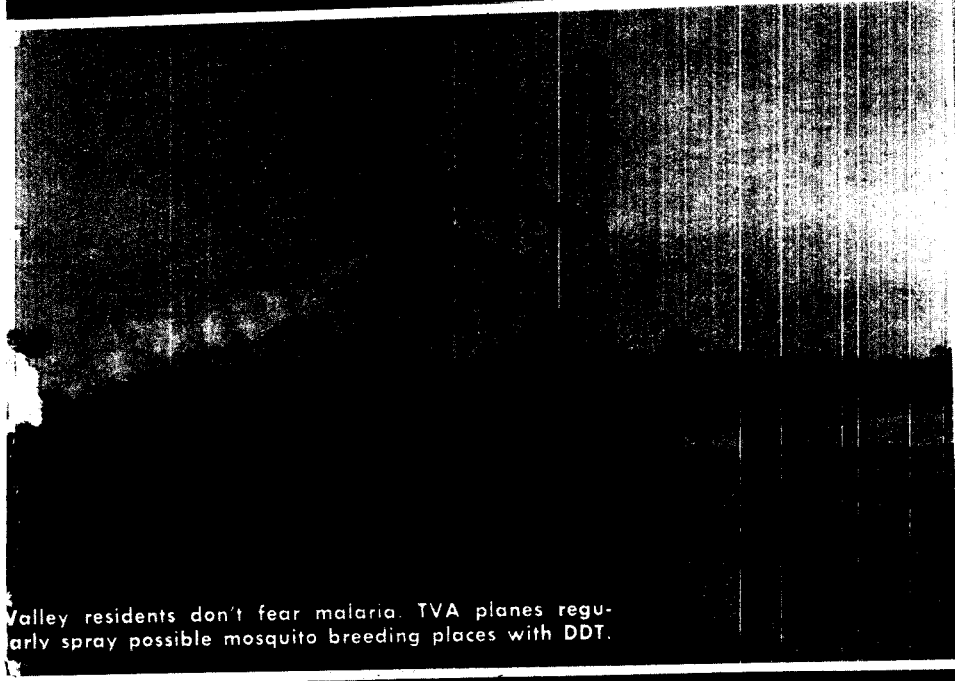


Large parks have been developed near most of the dams. These soldiers on pass took their dates to Norris Park.

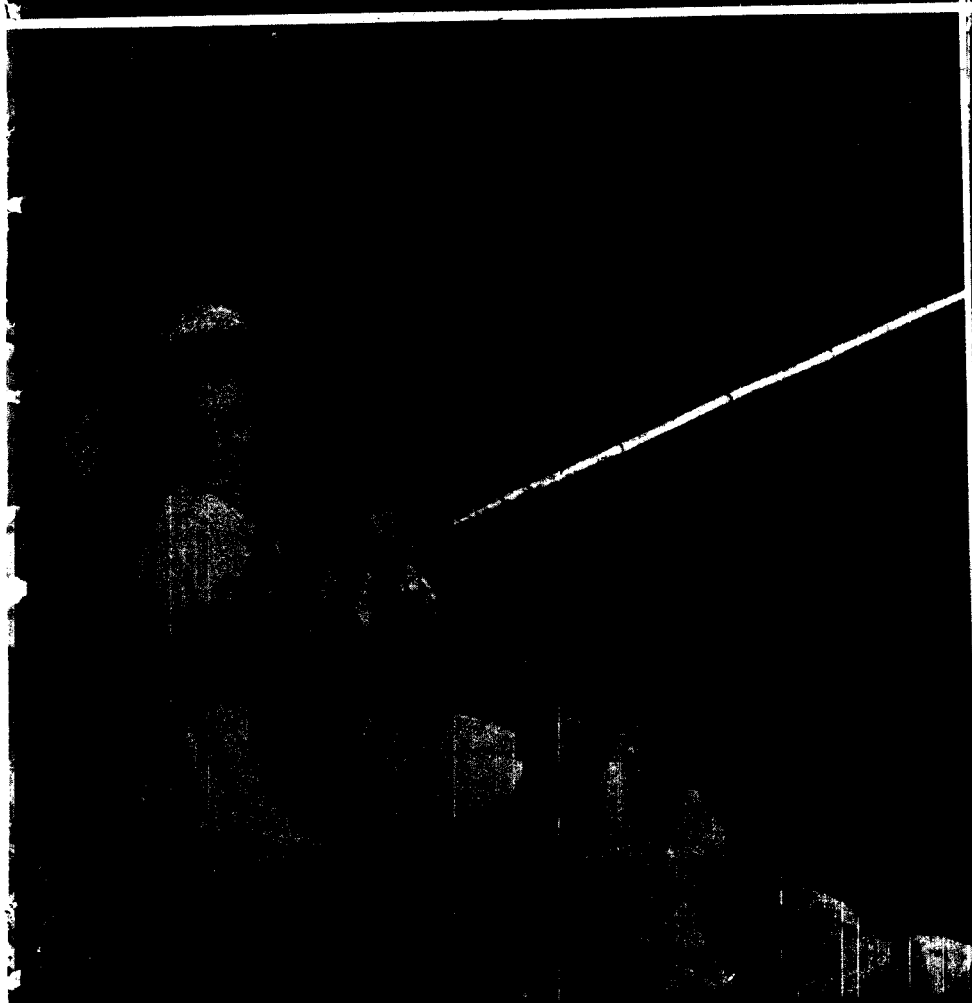


Mrs. J. W. Dodds, wife of a Fontana Dam worker, in yard of their portable cottage, a result of TVA housing study.



Valley residents don't fear malaria. TVA planes regularly spray possible mosquito breeding places with DDT.

Sailing was little known in the valley until the dams formed the lakes. This race was on Chickamauga Lake.



This lucky angler caught her string below Guntersville Dam. Closed seasons were re- [illegible] TVA lakes where [illegible] found more fish died of old age than were caught.

A typical Sunday bathing scene at Big Ridge Park on Norris Lake. Most of the crowd shown is made up of workers and soldiers from atomic bomb plant at Oak Ridge.

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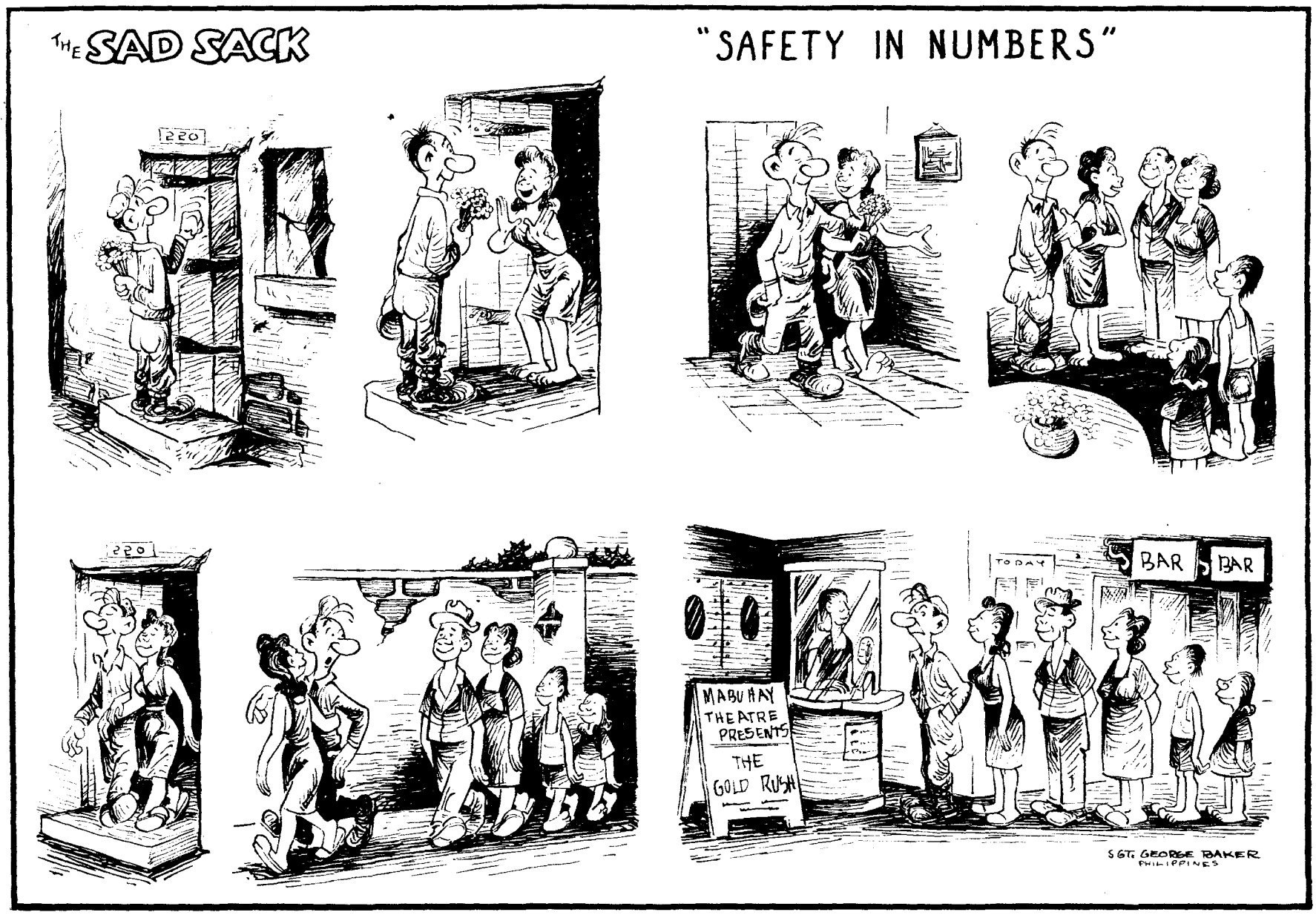


FASCINATING MILITARY MYSTERIES—II

The Ghost on the U. S. S. Gnarf

By Pfc. CHARLES PETERSON

FRANCE—It is a part of shipbuilding tradition that a coin must be placed under the mainmast of a ship before its launching to bring it good luck. So when an economy-minded constructor placed a Chicago telephone slug beneath that of the new Liberty ship *Gnarf*, dire predictions followed as a matter of course.

They were shortly to be justified. When Miss Hermoine Gnarf (a direct descendant of Bostwick Gnarf, inventor of the self-adjusting hatband) broke the bottle over the bow, it was discovered that she'd inadvertently used a bottle of nitroglycerine instead of champagne, thereby causing an explosion which tore off the entire bow and shook up Miss Gnarf considerably. Miss Gnarf was last seen flying low over New Rochelle, while the U.S.S. *Gnarf* slid down the ways and promptly sank.

Some months elapsed before the *Gnarf* was ready for its second launching, at which, despite elaborate precautions, tragedy struck again. Miss Gnarf, who had been found wandering aimlessly about Albuquerque, still clutching the neck of the nitroglycerine bottle, again was the guest of honor. Through some oversight, the official platform had been riveted to the bow of the *Gnarf*, and when it slid down the ways for the second time, spectators were astonished to see a covey of high Government officials protestingly following it into the water. They were all quickly rescued by a Coast Guard cutter, from which Miss Gnarf muttered bitterly: "They'll have to catch me first, before I christen another ship!"

The *Gnarf* came under the command of Capt. Leif Valjensson, a doughty Swedish mariner with a high reputation in nautical circles as a navigator. Indeed, he couldn't navigate at all unless he was high. During one period of blissful inebriety he sailed from Norfolk, Va., to Kansas City, Mo. —a well-nigh impossible feat. Upon arrival, he was hustled off to the Keeley Institute for delirium tremens treatments and was never able to get blotto enough to sail back.

Under his command, the *Gnarf* suffered one misfortune after another, not the least of which was an eight-month disappearance ending with its discovery in the Antarctic. "I shouldn't have turned right at the Canary Islands," was Capt. Valjensson's only comment.

After the invasion of North Africa, the *Gnarf* became a troop ship, carrying thousands of soldiers to Europe. It was shortly after its maiden voyage as a troop ship that rumors of a ghost began to circulate aboard the *Gnarf*.

CAPT. VALJENSSON first noticed it. He told the first mate, a dull, unimaginative fellow named McGrog, that he'd seen a luminous white figure pacing the fantail and gibbering, but McGrog, knowing that the captain also believed that the cargo included a shipment of green leprechauns, was not impressed. The following night, however, McGrog saw the specter himself.

"All white and shining it was," he told the chief engineer later. "And it gibbered."

"What did it gibber?" inquired the chief, sensibly.

"How should I know?" snapped McGrog. "You know how these things act. They just gibber and rattle their bones at you."

"Not at me, they don't," retorted the chief, when he was interrupted by a white figure which opened the door and smiled companionably.

"Beg your pardon," it began, at which the two men took to their heels, finding refuge in the boiler room.

McGrog emerged the next morning, his terrifying experience having turned his hair quite curly, by virtue of which 20th Century-Fox later gave him a long-term contract. The chief, who had taken further refuge inside a boiler, was discovered some days later madly whirling around in one of the steam turbines. He walked on his hands for the rest of his life.

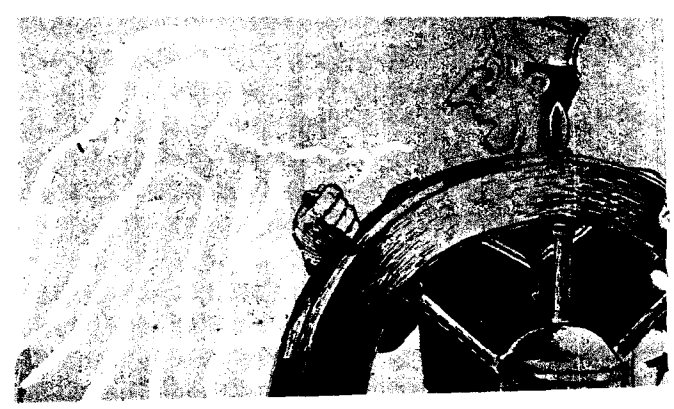
From that point on, the ghost made itself obnoxious to everyone. It sent the second mate into hysterics by appearing at his elbow and asking when he expected to reach Naples. It told the cook that it had found a belaying pin in one of the pastries, and scared the daylights out of a crap-shooting gun crew by entering the game with its own bones.

It was responsible for the final disaster which hit the *Gnarf*. Its sudden appearance behind Capt. Valjensson while he was negotiating a tricky stretch of the East River caused him to say "full speed ahead" instead of "reverse engines." The *Gnarf*, with a fearsome burst of speed, leaped headlong out of the river and came to a shuddering stop in a tavern called Dew-Drop Inn, located a good two blocks away. Realizing the impossibility of refloating it, the Government ordered the ship dismantled.

In the process, the whole story was explained by the discovery, in a small passageway far below the waterline, of an OD-clad skeleton, A and B barracks bags, and several empty C-ration cans. A makeshift diary kept by the unfortunate soldier, Pvt. Lathrop Snarge of Slippery Slither, Nebr., revealed that he'd got lost down there the first day of his voyage.

"We don't have things like this back in Nebraska," said one plaintive entry. "It's confusing!" Subsequent entries consisted of sarcastic remarks about C rations and a diatribe directed at the designers of the Liberty ship.

It was as a result of this incident that the Army instituted a system to prevent similar tragedies by issuing each soldier a shrill whistle and a colored smoke bomb, to be used in case he got lost aboard ship.



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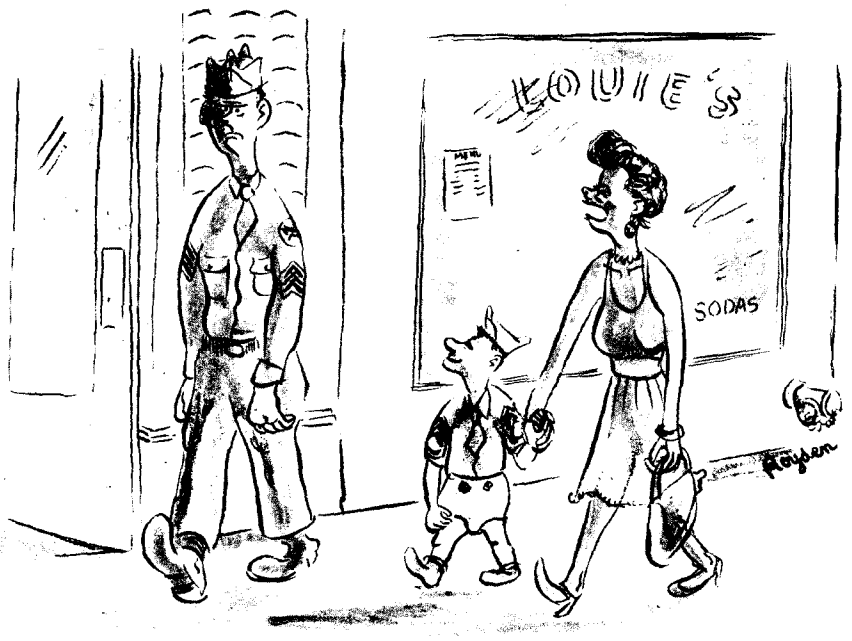
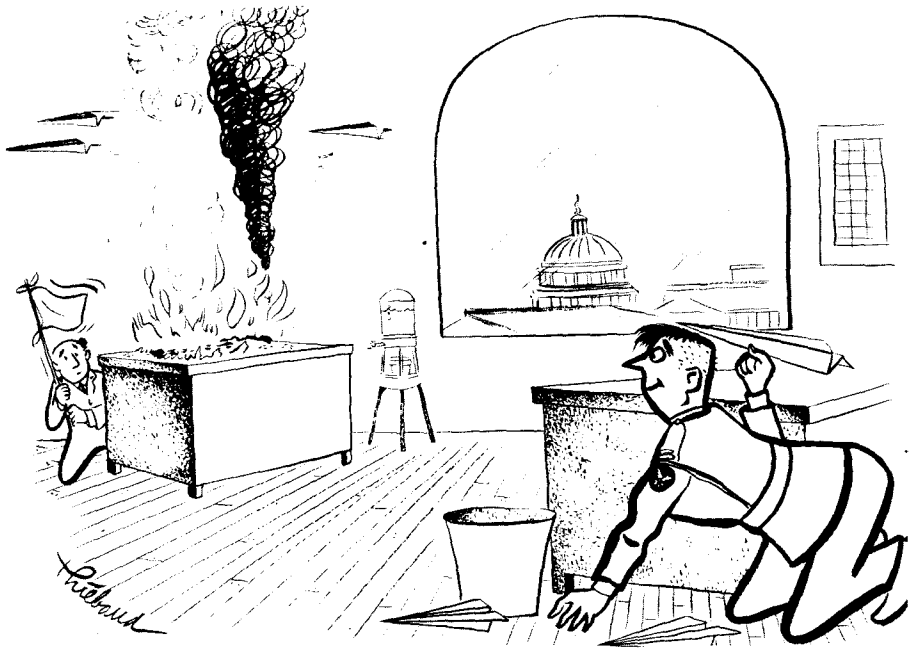


"For Heaven's sake, stop pouting—the stripes came with his suit, I tell you."
—Cpl. Frank Robinson, Robins Field, Ga.



—Sgt. Wayne Thiebaud, Mather Field, Calif.

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Stars Fell on Cpl. Bains

ON JAN. 15, 1944, at 1130 hours, Cpl. Bains was in an LST carrying him and 50 others of Headquarters Detachment into the Bay of Naples.

"This is war, total war," Cpl. Bains told himself, clutching his carbine tensely and settling his helmet firmly on his head.

On the beach, the adjutant of his bomb group called them to attention, and they shuffled off in that casual civilian cadence peculiar to Air Force formations. Cpl. Bains stared at the ruined buildings, at the ragged waifs who ran after them begging *caramelli*. He could hear the rumble of guns in the distance.

"My God," he thought, "what a picture of destruction! This is *It*."

They rode in trucks all that night and in the morning set up tents at an airfield near Foggia. They worked busily through the following weeks until they had made neat little offices out of the farm buildings assigned to Headquarters. In a corner of one of the little offices Cpl. Bains placed his mimeograph machine.

Before the last of the manure had been shoveled out of the stable that was to be the Orderly Room, Cpl. Bains was busy turning the crank of his machine from 0800 to 1800 hours daily, including Sundays.

Peering out the window toward the airfield, Cpl. Bains could see the B-24s rolling out to battle.

"Jeez, I'm glad I'm here on the ground," he muttered.

Turning the crank of the mimeograph machine, he meditated on the destructive power of the B-24s. Surely, the Germans had thought of it too. Surely, before long, Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs would roar in to bomb and strafe.

"Grim." That was the word which came to Cpl. Bains. He was thankful he had been attentive during basic training. It all came back to him vividly: "Take advantage of terrain"—"Keep your head down"—"Pull out that bayonet quick or it'll get stuck in there."

He fancied himself rushing up to the CO, who had been badly wounded in a strafing attack. Whipping off his belt, he applied an emergency tourniquet that saved the Old Man's life.

The winter passed, the spring passed, then summer and fall and winter again. But there was no strafing, no bombing, no diving for a hole in the ground while the earth trembled and bullets buzzed angrily just over his head.

The Liberators went off into the wild blue yonder every day to defy enemy flak and fighters in Italy, France, Austria, Germany, Yugoslavia, all over Naziland.

But for Cpl. Bains there was only the endless, ever-rising stack of stencils in his little corner of the stable, and the endless clank, clank, clank of his rotating mimeograph machine. Cpl. Bains managed to goof off for 40 minutes every day—20 minutes for coffee at the EM Club in the morning, 20 minutes for doughnuts when the air crews came back from the war. At night there were poker and snacks in the cosy little tent, or movies in the gasoline-heated theater. Each Sunday he took a jaunt to town for fresh eggs and chips and *vino*.

He had one week's vacation in Rome, another week at Santo Spirito, and a week on Capri. But always he returned to the clank, clank, clank of his paper mill. Bitterly he bitched about the drudgery of his work, and he swore that after the war he was going to "look up" the Group Adjutant. In spite of this attitude, the special orders and bulletins and SOPs rolled out evenly and legibly. So, in April, 1945, one of the stencils bore his name: "From Corporal to Sergeant, Temp.—Cpl. Chester R. Bains."

In May, the WD announced its discharge point system, and Sgt. Bains sat down to figure out his score:

24 months in the Army	— 24
17 months overseas	— 17
8 Battle Stars for the campaigns in which the bomb group participated	— 40
TOTAL	— 81

This tally changed in June, because Sgt. Bains received the Bronze Star for "cheerful devotion to his tasks of reproducing vital publications of this Group," etc. New total score: 86 points.

In July he was deployed back to America, where he got a white certificate promoting him honorably from sergeant to civilian. On his first evening at home, he went over to see Nellie, his girl friend.

After the appropriately affectionate greetings, Nellie said, "Chet, I had no idea you'd be discharged so soon. I had you figured for only 40 or 50 points."

"Well, honey, here's how I got it! 24 points for 24 months in the service . . ."

"Yes, dear. I counted that."

"Seventeen more for overseas."

"Yes."

"And 40 for the battle stars."

She threw her arms around him and kissed him. "Darling, how perfectly wonderful—but you never *told* me!" She gazed lovingly, proudly into his eyes.

He was blushing furiously. "I wasn't in no battles at all, Nell, to be honest."

"Darling, you were always so modest." She stroked his cheek fondly. "Oh, Chet, I had no idea."

"I tell you, I wasn't—"

Vainly he protested and protested. Her admiration grew with each protest. She coaxed him to name the dreadful campaigns. Hoping to close the subject, he started to name them.

"Well, there was Foggia and Rome-Arno, and, let's see, there was the Southern France invasion—"

"Good heavens, darling!"

"And—heck, I don't know what all the rest were. I guess there was one for Germany."

"You don't know?"

"No, I don't know. The Awards and Decorations Clerk would know all that stuff, but we don't."

She looked at him solemnly, trying to understand. It was a strange look, and he felt he was being pitied.

She laid her hand tenderly against his cheek. "Don't talk about it any more, dear. Later on we'll talk about it, when you are adjusted."

"I tell you I wasn't in no battles, damn it!"

"Now, now, now." Soothingly she patted his cheek. Then she murmured, "I'm sure Uncle Sam doesn't pass out battle stars for nothing, Chet."

He shrugged at this determined womanly "understanding," and in desperation he closed his eyes. Nell sat in his lap and cuddled up against him.

"Chet, we won't talk about it any more. Just relax and have fun now, darling, and try to—to forget."

Italy —T/Sgt. DONOVAN BESS

"Got a cigarette, Joe, king size?"
—Cpl. Irwin Touster, Italy

MEMORY AID

To kiss and tell is bad, but, dear,
Gossip isn't fatal yet;
I'd rather have the whole world hear
Than have you kiss and just forget.

Los Angeles, Calif. —Pvt. BOB DOWNER

SHY

Tonight was any night,
And yet I stood entranced,
A dreamer by a moor.
You did not choose to glance,
But still I waited there,
And wistfully debated
If I should run or stand.
I came near choosing; then,
For fear of losing, fled,
And stumbled out the door.

Galveston AAF, Texas —Cpl. THOMAS MATTHEWS

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YANK staff artist Sgt. Joe Stefanelli made this sketch, and the one on the following page, of Domingo at work.

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LINGAYEN, LUZON—The months since Jan. 9, when the city of Lingayen was freed from the Japanese, have not been months of complete happiness and wild celebration for Anecito Domingo, a small-businessman who lives at the edge of the city. Domingo has had to work harder this year than he has ever had to work before, and his work has shown little profit. He is his own boss again, though, as he has been for most of his life, and liberation has restored to him what the Japanese occupation took away: purpose in his life and a future for his children.

Domingo is a quiet, pleasant, optimistic little man of 42, an age which he feels is quite old. He is the father of 11 children, only five of whom are living, and a member of the Protestant chapel of *La Regeneracion* in Lingayen. He has been a jeweler since 1923, the year of his marriage, and a furniture-maker since 1935. The furniture business was inherited, along with the tools, from his father; the jewelry craft is his own choice, but world developments of the past few years have kept him from making the most of it.

Domingo has lived and worked all of his life in the same house, at the side of the highway that separates the cities of Lingayen and Binmaley. To put the matter more precisely, he has lived in the house and worked under it. The house is a comfortable two-room affair of bamboo and nipa leaves, perched 10 feet off the ground on upright wooden beams. The house itself is used as sleeping quarters for Domingo, his wife, his five children, his sister and his aunt; the space beneath it serves as workshop, living room and playground.

Domingo's present business, a highly temporary one, is the making of stainless-steel watchbands for sale to the American soldiers who constantly use the highway in front of his house. The watchbands are of a simple, pleasant, modernistic design, consisting of a broad band which widens at the center under the watch and two tapering ornamental strips which secure the watch to the band. Each watchband is made to the individual measure and taste of the customer, and no band leaves the shop until both the customer and Domingo are satisfied with it. In this respect Domingo is usually much harder to please, a fact which never fails to astonish and delight the customer, unless the customer is in a hurry. Domingo is never in a hurry, and he believes that a satisfied customer is his best advertisement. Except for the hand-painted shingle outside, which reads "Watch Bands," his customers are his only advertisement.

Domingo's business cannot be enlarged, since he is the only person who can make the bands the way he wants them made. He works seven days a week, from 6:30 or 7 o'clock until it is dark or his day's work is finished. This schedule is not altogether unpleasant, since Domingo feels restless when he is not working, and it is no strain on his social life, since his family and the livestock are always milling about him, and the shop is a gathering place for his friends.

He can make four watchbands a day by working steadily, but his sales seldom average more than six a week and his policy of personalized service will not permit him to build up a reserve stock of bands. He charges a standard price of 10 pesos ($5) per watchband, grossing an average of 60 pesos a week, but the cost of materials and the wages of his two polishers bring his final income down considerably. He is unable to do the polishing himself, since both of his thumbs have been worn raw and one of them is badly cut. A family the size of his needs 70 pesos a week to live as it should, so Anecito Domingo is not exactly in the chips.

To help equalize the need and the income, Domingo's wife operates a small fruit stand under a corner of the house, and Domingo often goes fishing at night, since the children "don't like to eat without fish." He manages, through these enterprises and the aid of Divine Providence, to feed his large family and buy a few needed clothes for the children.

When the Japanese were in Lingayen it was always a monumental struggle to get enough food to live on. He and his wife managed to feed the children somehow, but they themselves grew thinner and thinner and thinner. Meat was extremely scarce, since most of the pigs, cows and chickens were inducted into the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere in the Japanese tradition of *sabis* ("no pay"). When the American Infantry came, the six soldiers stationed next door gave Domingo canned rations, so that there was food enough for him and his wife as well as for the children.

Meat is still hard to get, and the price of rice, which the Domingos regard as a necessary part of every meal, is still high, although Domingo feels that it and most other prices are going down little by little. Three liters of rice, which cost 18 to 20 centavos (9 to 10 cents) before the war and 120 pesos ($60) at the height of Co-Prosperity in 1944, now cost 2 pesos, 30 centavos.

Except for hunger and hardship, Domingo had no great personal trouble with the Japanese Infantry that was scattered through the neighborhood. An essentially mild and peace-loving man, he made it a point at all times to stay out of their way. To this purpose he built a fence along the highway in front of his house, and the family used an entrance far behind the house. If a Japanese soldier had wanted to amuse himself by making trouble for Domingo, he would have had to walk around the fence or climb it, neither of which was worth the effort. As a result, Domingo's memories of the Japanese are marked more by contemptuous amusement than by bitterness.

Occasionally, though, a Japanese lineman would come along inspecting the telephone lines that ran along the highway and would make Domingo or whoever happened to be standing around climb the tall tree in front of the house to cut the twigs away from around the wires. This was no pleasant chore, since the tree is infested with biting ants, but it was much easier than "rejecting the request," as Domingo puts it. Rejecting the request meant being slapped or kicked, or being forced to stand for hours in the hot sun with one's face upturned to receive the full force of it.

Although Domingo managed not to attract the attention or wrath of the Japanese, the fellow who lives on the corner nearby went into Dagupan one day and forgot to bow in salute before a Japanese guard he passed. He was arrested as a suspected guerrilla and detained for a day, during which the Japanese hung him for an hour, flailed the ground with his numbed body and almost killed him. A fellow who was with him was forced to drink quantities of water and eat powdered rice, so that his belly was bloated grotesquely and painfully for days.

DOMINGO was able to make little furniture during the occupation, since shellac and alcohol were impossible to get and all other materials were extremely scarce. He had no commerce with the Japanese, either profitable or *sabis*, since they did their buying and confiscating from the more conspicuous furniture shops in town, which had larger and better stocks. The fence probably helped a lot, too.

The neighborhood schools were open during the occupation, and the Japanese tried to teach

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Small Business-Man on Luzon

ANECITO DOMINGO WAS A JEWELER AND A FURNITURE MAKER BEFORE THE JAPS CAME. NOW HE FASHIONS STAINLESS-STEEL WATCHBANDS FOR GIs AND PLANS A NEW START IN LIBERATED TACLOBAN.

Domingo makes four stainless steel watchbands a day.

their language to the students by translating English lessons into Japanese. The heads of all families were ordered to see to it that their children went to school regularly, but there was no effective way for them to enforce the order and Domingo kept his two school-age daughters at home. He could have pleaded, for one thing, that they had no clothes for school. Many of the children of the neighborhood were obliged to wear burlap clothing made from sandbags which the Filipinos obtained by their own *sabis* form of reverse lend-lease in the dead of the night.

It was in October that Domingo heard of the landing of American forces on Leyte. Many planes passed overhead, so high that they could only be heard. Domingo had known before the war that the Americans had Flying Fortresses that could fly too high to be seen, and he felt certain that the Japanese had nothing of that sort. Leaflets were smuggled in from other places saying that the Americans were getting closer and telling the people where to go and what to do when the battle came. The battle never came, though. The Japanese in Lingayen made a great show of strength and bravery by constant and ridiculous parading up and down the highway, but they burned their gasoline and barracks and stole away two days before the Americans arrived.

Domingo says that to him the return of the Americans was like the coming of God. He was weak, hungry, penniless and ragged, he says, but he had never been so full of happiness and exultation in all his life. Everyone around him was in near-hysterics of happiness—smiling dazedly, laughing, crying, yelling victory shouts—and some whose stomachs were fuller and stronger got roaring drunk. The first American he saw took a long look at Domingo's pitiful condition and, wordless with emotion, embraced him. Domingo's voice still softens when he speaks of it.

When the Americans came, Domingo had been making combs and braclets of salvaged aluminum from wrecked Japanese airplanes and selling them to the Filipinos. Toward the end there was an abundance of raw materials, but the Filipinos had little money to spend on combs and bracelets. The Americans suggested that he make watchbands from stainless-steel scrap and sell them to the GIs. There was a good market for them; cloth and leather watchbands rot or grow stinking in the tropics, and metal bands were not only practical but also good souvenirs. The Americans gave him scraps of the steel and showed him how to polish it, and Domingo, who had made watchbands before from coin silver, tried his hand at the steel. The first bands he made he gave to the Americans or swapped for food, then he went into the business.

All of his business now is with the Americans They also visit him frequently to sit and chat, and he says that they are "more than brothers" to him. He values their friendship highly and feels a strong ethical and social obligation to them. He deals fairly with them, he feels, and he seldom hears a complaint about his work or his prices. He has heard talk occasionally of overcharging in other places but, since he spends almost all of his time at home, he has not seen any of it. He feels that he gives a full 10 pesos' value for 10 pesos. His wife sells her mangoes two or three for a peso, depending on their size—a price which is reasonable and considerably lower than the prices elsewhere in the neighborhood.

The coming of the Americans has had its greatest effect on Domingo's children—Mary, 17; Severina, 14; Henaro, 6½; Herbert, 4½, and Adoracion, 2½ — and especially on the two eldest girls. Mary, a sophomore at the Pangasinan High School in Lingayen, and Severina, a sixth-grader in intermediate school, are both considered by their parents too young to have dates, but they can enjoy a schoolgirl social life which clothing limitations and their father would not permit when the Japanese were here. They can go to the big dances in Lingayen (the majority of the men at the dances are American), to birthday and wedding parties and to any number of American movies at the nearby Army encampments.

Domingo laments, without any genuine grief or alarm, that his whole family has gone movie-mad. The girls sometimes won't even wait for their supper, but rush off to make sure of getting good seats on the sidelines. Domingo often goes himself, when there is no great need to go fishing, and he thoroughly enjoys the movies he sees, especially the lavish musical comedies. He was particularly impressed by "Tonight and Every Night," starring Rita Hayworth. Most of the movies he forgets by the next day. "A businessman already has too much to remember," he says. The girls are addicted to war movies and can't get enough of them, a thing which appalls their father.

To the girls, the movies are merely another representation of the beauty and superiority of American civilization. When the Japanese were in Lingayen there was only one movie a month—a propaganda film showing, among other things, the bombing of Pearl Harbor and conquest of Bataan—and attendance at it was theoretically compulsory, although Domingo never got around to seeing it.

Domingo's chief reassurance that his daughters are healthy and happy again is in their madness for movies and in their eternally plaguing him for money to buy new clothes and face powder—sure signs, he believes, of normal adolescence. The next thing to come will be the silly young swains mooning at his daughters; then Domingo will resign himself to the conviction that a full cycle of life has been completed and that he is an old man. He is determined to do his best, though, to send the children to college; he himself never had the money to go beyond high school and trade school.

He still does not know what he will do when the Americans leaves Lingayen. He has always wanted to be a goldsmith, but there is little prospect of his achieving this ambition. There is no gold to buy now, he says, even if he had the money to buy it—and he is not young enough to wait for the day when there might be gold and the wherewithal. He will probably return, he feels, to his father's business, the making of furniture. Even this, he says, will depend on two things: shellac and alcohol, without which the furniture would be ugly and no joy to make. There was plenty of both before the war, and he hopes that there will be plenty when things are back in good shape.

He fondly pictures himself, in a postwar world, going to Dagupan, walking into a shop and ordering whatever supplies he wants and as much of them as he wants. According to the American magazines, given to him occasionally by the soldiers, there are many civilians like him picturing the same thing even back in the States.

All in all, Anecito is bearing up well in his period of reconstruction, and he is not long worried by the future. He has no definite idea of what it will hold for him, but he is pretty sure that it will be good.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

THIS scene shows a high-power TVA transmission line running through a Tennessee Valley rural area—symbolic of the benefits that have come from the world's first attempt to develop an entire region. See pages 8-13 for Sgt. George Aarons' picture story of the TVA.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover — Sgt. George Aarons. 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. Bill Young. 8 through 13—Sgt. Aarons. 20—Sgt. Ralph Stein. 23—Acme.

Continue the Draft

Dear YANK:

We, the undersigned soldiers, feeling deep concern for the security of our country and for the welfare of all who wear its uniform, wish to express our views about the continuation of the draft in the postwar period.

As we analyze the situation to the best of our ability, we can see three possible courses of action, and no more:

1) To carry out the occupation of Germany and Japan with forces composed solely of volunteers.

2) To maintain the armies of occupation at a higher numerical level than would be possible on a voluntary basis, and yet at the same time terminate the draft.

3) To continue the draft until the occupation of Germany and Japan ceases to be necessary.

Here are our opinions of the relative merits of these three courses:

1) If we propose to occupy Germany and Japan with forces composed solely of volunteers, we might as well send one boy to Germany with a water pistol, and one to Japan with a cap gun.

2) If the draft were immediately terminated, and the armies of occupation were nevertheless maintained at a higher numerical level than would be possible on a voluntary basis, the gravest injustice would be done to large numbers of men who would thus be required to serve overseas for an unforeseeable period of time, and with no prospect of relief. We don't see how any American can justify to his conscience such a course of action.

3) If the draft is continued throughout the period of occupation, a force adequate for our security can be maintained in the occupied countries as long as the need exists, and yet each man in the army of occupation will know in advance exactly how long he must serve before being discharged. The period of individual service would not be long. The working out of detailed plans can be best left to those who are in a position of responsibility and have the necessary statistics at hand, but we suggest that one year's service per man should be ample.

National security is one of the many things that cannot be got without paying a price. Continuation of the draft would keep the price low and distribute it evenly. Therefore, we conclude that wisdom and fairness demand the continuation of the draft throughout the entire period of the occupation.

—T-4 CHARLES R. SLEETH*

Somewhere on Luzon

*Also signed by 300 others.

No Combat Pay

Dear YANK:

The combat men of our medical detachment suffered the heaviest casualties of any unit in the Third and First Armies while in France last year. We thought, or those that were left alive to think, thought we would be entitled to combat pay, but no, the Army did not consider we combat medics fit for combat pay. We were just suckers getting knocked all over hell and getting nothing but a sneer from the Army and sympathy from our friends.

This last month I was told that Congress with the help of the WD had consented to classify front-line medics as men entitled for this combat pay. Good, so we wait and then when we are at the Separation Center we find that again the Army has pulled a fast one and kicked us in the teeth again. Yes, the bill was passed but was effective commencing August 1, 1945. What a lousy, hypocritical joke. Not one combat medic who fought in Europe is entitled to this combat pay. Nothing, not a damn thing do we get. Oh yes, I forgot, we get a peachy little medal which we should pin on our blouse and beam with contentment and good will. This bit of polished tin is worth about ten cents to the Army and not a damn thing to me. A much better pin can be secured by eating 12 boxes of Wheaties, and the average medic would prefer one of these.

As I remember the list of buddies that hit France with me as medics, I wonder what they think of the gypping that the Army pulled on all of us. Henderson won't care, he's dead; French is dead too, so are others; then there is Rullio with both legs gone. White won't walk again. Yes, practically every aidman and litter squad was either wounded, dead or went insane and yet we're not fit for combat pay.

I've been wounded twice, cited four times for bravery and many of our men have been awarded more medals than I ever thought was possible but what good are medals when they are given in evident unappreciation?

Wichita, Kan. —Sgt. GUY M. HARVEY

Last-Man Pot

Dear YANK:

Some of my friends have suggested that I write you about my so-called Alexander Plan for Alleviating Discharge Anxiety. Under it, the man who previously was hoping for an early discharge suddenly finds his whole thinking so reoriented that he hopes to be the last to get the points and hit the separation center.

The system? Very easy. Every man as he is discharged drops five bucks into a big kitty. Last man out gets the pot. Man had to be in the Army on VJ-Day to qualify. Since there are about eight million guys in the Army, the pot would be $40,000,000. Some of my buddies here already have their eye on the pot, and agitation has started to increase the man's contribution to one month's pay. At $50 per GI, that would make a pot of $400,000,000—and that is a minimum!

Washington, D. C. —T-5 A. J. ALEXANDER

Bare Knees

Dear YANK:

We enlisted men of a station hospital medical detachment on this island face a problem extremely infuriating. The men went to chow this noon dressed in short pants, shirts with short sleeves, or "T" shirts. This attire is authorized by Island Command. BUT—the OD stood outside the Mess Hall, and anyone not dressed in a complete uniform could not enter. WHY? The "Angels of Mercy" (ANCs) have arrived.

To some one ANC the bare male body from the knees down and the waist up is highly indecent. The weather here is damned hot at times, and we just try to be as comfortable as possible. I know that our mothers and sisters and girl friends would find nothing indecent whatsoever in the way we dress. After all, enlisted men have just as high moral standards as officers and ANCs—we thought nurses, of all women, should be the last to be shocked. They go through training, seeing the human body from one end to the other, only to come over here and scream "indecent" because a GI tries to be comfortable.

We do admit, our bare legs can't equal theirs for beauty, and our indecent chests are not rounded; still we are not indecent!

Ryukyus —(Name Withheld)

Dishonorable Discharges

Dear YANK:

It has been said that the military prisoner may become the forgotten soldier. Now we're not considering the man who is a prisoner for other than a military or minor offense. Those who have committed felonies will naturally serve their time, and the Dishonorable Discharge (DD) will just give them another excuse for committing a felony.

But how about the military offenders in Rehabilitation Centers and Disciplinary Barracks who are going to be released sooner or later with DDs? More than half of the soldiers who receive a General Court Martial are convicted for being absent without leave (AWOL). These general prisoners along with others convicted because of disobeying a direct order, refusing to obey a direct order, insubordination, and other military offenses are often men like ourselves who have just reached the breaking point (and we all have one) and solved their troubles by taking off or becoming antagonistic to authority.

Many have served in combat units overseas for several years, and some are old Army men with many years of good service behind them plus several honorable discharges. These men for the most part want to be restored to duty and get an honorable discharge; they've been soldiers and want to "soldier out." Many will get the yellow Dishonorable Discharge regardless of their intentions and in some cases their excellent personal qualifications and past accomplishments.

When a man gets out of a penitentiary he is not given a discharge or piece of paper that will brand him for life. Released from such an institution with an

—Sgt. Tom Flannery

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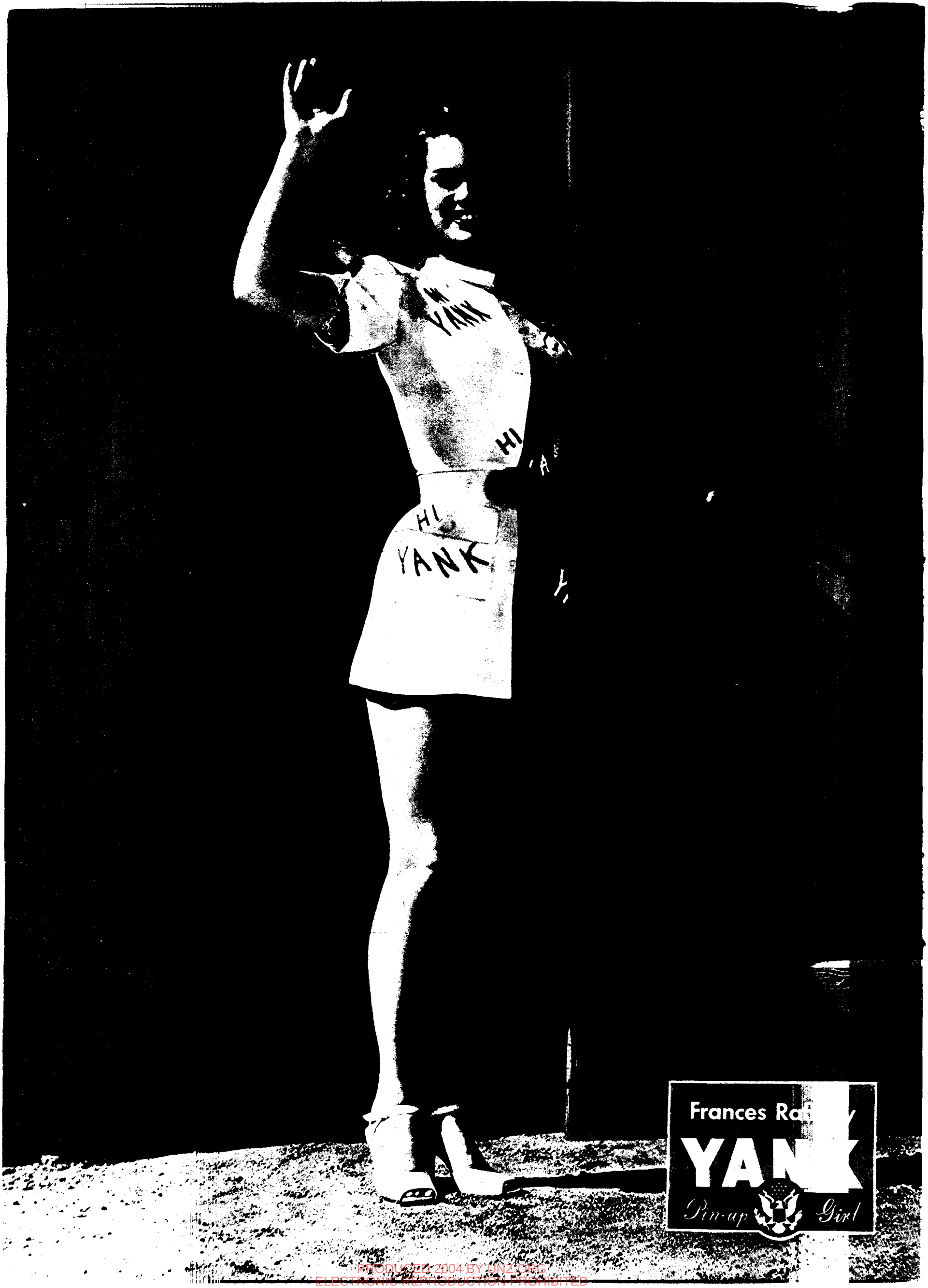

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ıdeterminate sentence. ...e is placed in job before he leaves the gates. Even ·hen a man serves his full time most ıstitutions will try to place him.

But the DD seems to many a permanent randing of an individual. It almost preıudes that man from ever becoming a ɔod citizen or productive worker again. hese men when discharged have served ıeir time and paid their debt to society, ut in their own words, "Why should we e penalized for the rest of our lives?" .nd when jobs get tough they know they ·ill not be able to compete when asked ɔ present their discharge. Furthermore, ıany will be afraid to face their families ıd friends again. And in some comıunities the DD'd veteran will be picked ɔ on suspicion whenever any offenses re committed and the culprit not imıediately apprehended.

Here are some of the ideas they have ·hen they return to civilian life with a ɔD. Perhaps they sound exaggerated or ven facetious, but these men mean what ıey say.

"I'm going to get a blackjack and look or a guy with a bulging pocket of green olding stuff." This from a blond kid of 9 who has no past record, but was conicted of being AWOL.

Another says, "I think I'll join the Rusian Army, and then when I visit the JSA no one will wonder if I have an ıonorable discharge or DD."

Another man of 39 years of age with ɔverseas service states, "I'm going to 'anama and see what's doing there."

Others mention unlawful pursuits of ɔne kind or another. But underneath it ıll there is a sincerity and concern over ɔeing branded for life.

It is safe to assume that there will be ı good many thousands of DDs floating ıround the country after the Army is lemobilized. They can become solid dyıamic nuclei for gangs, or they can beɔome public charges of one kind or anɔther. Already newspapers are mentionıg the number that are being arrested ·or civilian offenses.

I conduct sessions in group psychoherapy under the supervision of a psychiatrist, where general prisoners taking part in the rehabilitation program at the center in Turlock, Calif., can say practically anything they want within natural limits as long as names aren't used and they speak one at a time. I believe that they express feelings that are not spontaneous, but have been mulled over a long time.

Do they have a point? What would you do if given a DD?

Turlock, Calif. —Pfc. CLIFFORD A. STRAUS

Education Limited

Dear YANK:

The War Department has been telling us and the people at home that we would receive unlimited opportunities for an education now that VE-Day has come and gone. Why must they continue to stretch the truth in the hopes of keeping up morale? We all were waiting for some sort of school to get underway, and waiting patiently since we understand the difficulties involved, when a directive was posted on our company bulletin board that gave a quota of six men—I repeat, six men—for all the Engineer troops in the Third Army to attend an Army University Center, a civilian college, or an Army Centralized Technical School.

Now we all know that due to the Army's way of doing things the six lucky men will probably be determined by a series of competitive exams, which means that men who already have a college education will be the ones selected. Therefore it ends up that the men who have an education of some merit will acquire more and the men that need the education will have little or no chance of obtaining the needed knowledge.

Many of my buddies expressed a desire to cooperate fullheartedly with the proposed education program in order to receive enough credits to enable them to acquire a high-school diploma that they do not now have because of some youthful desire to quit school. Will these men, who are willing, able, and deserving of a higher education, be overlooked entirely?

Germany —T-5 CHARLES E. ECKERT

Another Dollar

Dear YANK:

Many of us would like to put our stamp of approval on S/Sgt. A. J. Schuyler's letter proposing a dollar a day for each day served in the Army with an additional sum for overseas duty. This seems one of the most fair proposals yet suggested and certainly is better than a flat $1,000 bonus regardless of time of service.

—T/Sgt. C. H. SKINNER*

Williams Field, Arizona

*Also signed by 3 others.

Terminal Pay

Dear YANK:

When a commissioned man is discharged he is entitled to, and is paid for, the leave time he has accumulated while on active duty. Under present regulations granting leave to officer personnel at the rate of 30 days per annum, he can accrue up to 120 days covering a four-year period of service. When he is discharged, payment is made for such accumulated leave time on a monthly basis at the salary given for the rank the officer holds at the termination of active service.

In other words, the commissioned man who has been overseas for three years and goes home for demobilization will get three-months pay after he has left active duty.

Now, why doesn't the enlisted man build up furlough time just as officers accrue leave time, and why isn't he entitled to pay for that time just as much as the commissioned soldier? Is it simply because the ARs are written that way? If that is the sole reason, it's high time the regulations were changed so as to provide a comparable, after-discharge, accrued-furlough-pay policy for the enlisted ranks too.

Italy —T/3 WILSON WARING

How Soon Out?

Dear YANK:

Now that the war is over, those men who have managed to dodge the draft for years with their essential job status are going to be given a blanket deferment which will permit them to remain home while the men who saved their precious hides are to keep them safe by being held in the service occupying the defeated countries.

All men are given so many years on this earth, so why should any one group be forced to sacrifice their time while another enjoys the benefits? What crime against society have we committed, what hideous wrong have we done that we are not to be allowed to take our rightful place in communities which we helped save and give to our wives and children some of the things we fought for?

My suggestion is that these men up to thirty-four who have put no time in the service be given the job of occupying the defeated countries and speed the return of men who have lost years in the service. After all, it's not dangerous now.

Iwo Jima —JOHN P. McGUIRE MM3c*

*Also signed by 3 others.

Dear YANK:

To hell with all those point systems and quotas, just get us all home within 6 months!

Newfoundland —Pfc. VICTOR STEINBUECH

Dear YANK:

What are they going to do with the Wacs?

In other countries women were needed, but in this country some people felt that our services were an added tax to the nation and that we were only taken into the Army for the convenience of the GIs.

As to regrets—ask any Wac—we have none. We feel sorry for those men and women on the outside whose shortsightedness could not see American women in the same positions of necessity as were the Russians, English and Chinese. We are the first enlisted women to be accepted into any branch of the American services, and we feel sorry for those who missed a history-making experience as great as this.

There are those of us who lost husbands, sweethearts, brothers and sons. Who's to say we haven't given a lot?

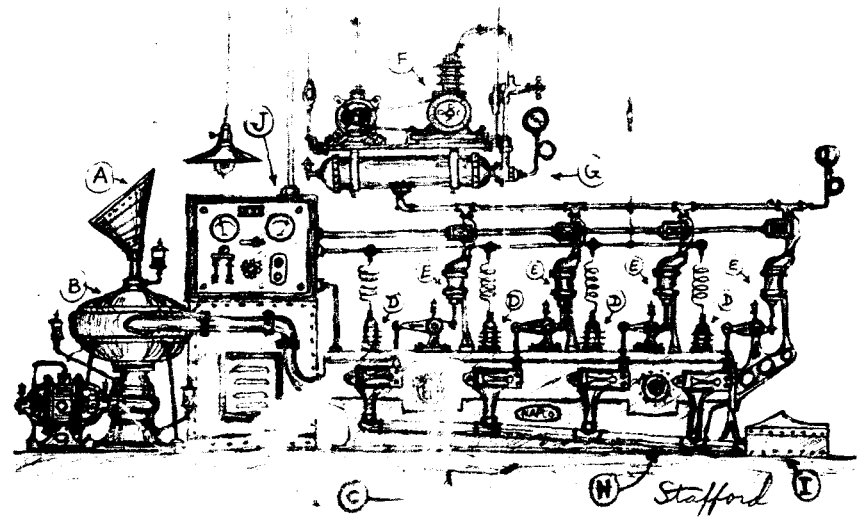
We joined to relieve a man for active duty—not let him go home while we complete a long stretch. We're tired of the Army *as well* as the next one—we have homes to go to and families as well as aspirations towards a better future. Our gripe is not against the guys who fought the war—we're justly proud of them. We're not trying to be exceptions, we'll wait our turn as we have done in the past, but we don't want to be last either.

Here are our questions. We've Wacs overseas — what provisions for them? How about points? They numbered us at 44 when the Corps was only three years old, giving at the most 36 points, yet they won't give us longevity pay for time accrued under the WAAC. Medals are not for the majority of us who served only in the U. S. Dependents under 18—are they kidding? How about redeployment—what's for us under that? Are we going to eat too?

There are only 100,000 of us—why diddle?—either disband us in our entirety or give us a fairer system.

Boise, Idaho —Cpl. DOROTHY MARCUS*

*Also signed by nine others.



Point Calculator

Dear YANK:

Enclosed is the diagram of a very timely and valuable machine. My friends and I are at work upon a working model. We plan to organize a company, the Racine Machine and Tool Works, as soon as possible.

The machine is actuated by small glass spheres of various colors: viz., red for Stateside points, white for overseas points, blue for combat-zone and decoration points, black for dependency points.

Introduce colored spheres in following manner: one red for each month Stateside, two white for each month overseas, five blue for each campaign or decoration (unless otherwise specified), 12 black for each dependent allowable. Place proper spheres in hopper (A)—sequence immaterial. Centrifuge (B) will supply steady stream of spheres to sorting and counting machine (C). Photoelectric cells (DDDD) will react to one color, as set, actuating pneumatic rejectors (EEEE), which are supplied with air by compressor (F) through reservoir (G). Spheres are tabulated as they drop through rejector traps into return chute (H) and are collected for re-use in bin (I). Total point score appears on indicator on instrument panel of control box (J). Price F.O.B. Racine, Wis., $3,275. Spheres not included, available at $1.50 each.

Philippines —Cpl. R. L. STAFFORD

Strictly GI

Redeployment Changes. On the recommendation of Gen. MacArthur, the War Department cut from six to three the number of divisions to be redeployed to the Pacific. The three divisions selected were the 86th and 97th, which were already en route at the time the MacArthur recommendation was received, and the 13th Airborne. Orders have been issued canceling the movement of other units affected.

The WD emphasized, however, that these unit cancellations will not alter the need to maintain a constant flow of low-point replacements to relieve veterans of long service in the Pacific. Many of these low-point men with scores of 45 points or lower will necessarily come, the WD said, from the ranks of outfits whose orders for overseas service as a unit have been canceled.

Exclusion Program Ends. The surrender of Japan, the WD announced, has removed the military necessity for the exclusion of any person of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast, and wartime measures barring Japanese from that area have been revoked. The initial exclusion of persons of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast was carried out on a mass basis between March 24 and July 22, 1942. In December 1944, mass exclusion was ended, and a system of individual exclusions substituted. Now all controls and restrictions have been lifted.

Veterans' Classification. National Headquarters of Selective Service announced that all registrants who have received an honorable discharge, or its equivalent, from the armed forces are to be placed in Class 1-C. They are not to be reinducted unless they volunteer or unless their reinduction is authorized by the Director of Selective Service.

ANC Awards. Members of the Army Nurse Corps have received 1,008 decorations since Dec. 7, 1941. The decorations include: two Distinguished Flying Crosses (one posthumous award); four Silver Stars for gallantry in action (one posthumous); 12 Legion of Merit awards; 433 Bronze Stars or Oak Leaf Clusters in lieu thereof; 388 Air Medals or Oak Leaf Clusters in lieu thereof; five Soldiers' Medals and 60 Purple Hearts (15 posthumous), and 103 unit citations.

Return from Overseas. Barring unexpected developments, all soldiers in Europe, except those earmarked for the Army of Occupation or required to dispose of surplus Army property in the theater, will have been returned to the States by next February, the WD announced. June is the target date for the return of all troops not needed for occupation or property disposal in the Pacific.

More than 1,750,000 men are now scheduled for return from the Pacific, while approximately 2,000,000 remain to be returned from Europe. Troops to be returned from other theaters number about 150,000. Since VE-Day 1,225,000 men have been sent home, most of them from Europe.

The rate of return from the Pacific will be much slower than from Europe, according to the WD, because of the immense sea distances, the deployment of troops on widely-scattered bases and the shift of occupation forces to Japan itself and former Jap-held territories.

Shipping Losses. The Pacific war cost the Army about 200,000 ship tons of cargo lost at sea—31 vessels sunk and two vessels damaged while en route from the States to the Pacific, Alaska and India theaters, the WD announced.

Army cargo shipped to these areas in 44 months of war totaled 43,520,000 ship tons. Supplies lost at sea, therefore, represented only 0.46 per cent of the total shipped. Despite far greater sea distances in the Pacific, cargo losses there were proportionately less than half those suffered in the Atlantic.

The announcement of Pacific losses brings the total losses on outbound moves from the States to all theaters to 737,714 ship tons. Information on losses on moves within and between overseas theaters is not yet available.

Quartermaster Purchases. Between December 7, 1941, and August 1, 1945, the Quartermaster Corps spent $20,564,586,000 for clothing, equipage, general supplies and subsistence, the War Department announced. Subsistence purchases accounted for a little more than half the grand total.

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CANDY JONES

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

CANDY JONES was just back from a USO tour of the Pacific when I saw her, and with rare originality I said to her, "How are you?"

She said, "Fine."

Well, maybe she was telling the truth, and anyway who am I to be calling a beautiful model like Miss Jones a liar, but if she was feeling fine, she must have been pressing the old will power almost to its limit. The fact is that Candy had one of those Pacific trips that GIs usually are thinking about when they say, "Why doesn't anyone ever print how lousy things are?"

She took off from the West Coast in November of 1944 and got back, a couple of months after the rest of the troupe she started out with, in August 1945. In this comparatively short time, she managed to get involved in two minor earthquakes, to lose the top of her dress on stage, and to spend better than a month in GI hospitals on Leyte and Morotai and in sick bay on the U.S.S. *C. H. Muir*, the troop ship she came home on.

Candy's time on sick call was not goldbricking but the result of one of those nice little Pacific gadgets which the medics diagnose as "fever of undetermined origin" and treat like malaria, coupled with a nasty case of eczema. A dame columnist in New York, shortly after Candy's return, printed as an item that the showgirl-model was suffering from "jungle rot." Possibly this made the eczema sound more romantic to the columnist, but eczema it was.

Candy threw off the fever in pretty good shape. "It only had me scared once, when I thought my hair was all going to fall out," she said, "but after I lost a little, it stopped falling and everything was all right."

The eczema left large areas of pale white on Candy's otherwise sunburned chassis and this is probably what caught the columnist's eye. It caught other eyes, too, namely the eyes of the photographers for whom Candy makes a living by posing.

"I won't be able to pose for any color work till I begin to get even again," she said. "Make-up will patch me up enough for black-and-white work."

By the time all this information had come out, I was ready to ask Candy if she still stuck by her original statement that she felt fine. She said she did.

"It was a good trip," she said, "and the GIs we met were wonderful. They gave us a swell hand everywhere, except sometimes in the hospitals. I don't see why I shouldn't say that about the hospitals, either. It's the truth. Lots of the guys who had been wounded were bitter and you couldn't blame them. They'd look at you when you came in with a sort of 'Well, who the hell do you think you are?' look. Why not admit it?

"We played regular shows nights and hospitals during the day. After the regular shows, we'd get a chance to gab with the GIs and stuff. There was an almost even balance between officers and GIs among the people we got a chance to know. There were some places where the officers tried to monopolize you and others where you could pretty much do what you wanted."

"How about the earthquakes?" I asked.

"One was at Leyte," she said. "I was in bed when it happened and I almost fell out, but not quite. The other was at Finschhafen, our first stop after Hollandia. It was funnier, because it was the first time I ever experienced an earthquake.

"And I was in the johnny when it happened.

"I was in the johnny and there was this crash and things started shifting around. For a minute or two I thought I had 'jungle fungle.' I pulled myself together and ran out and found it was only an earthquake."

Candy's itinerary ran from Brisbane to Leyte, hitting most of the whistle stops on the way. The gang she was with was called "Cover Girls Abroad" and consisted of seven girls and six guys. One girl got sick and had to go home and one of the guys turned out to be allergic to air travel and also shipped back, but the rest of the troupe carried on. The original destination of the unit was such a dead secret that Candy guessed wrong. She was sure she was headed for the ETO and when she arrived at the dock, complete with woollies, she was a little flabbergasted to find that she was bound for the slightly more sunny Pacific.

"Somebody got a surprise poking around that dock where we left from," she says. "When I found out where we were going I got rid of some of my luggage. Women's winter woollies. Somebody must have been *very* surprised."

THE Cover Girls and their male accompanists played over 30 different installations with settings that varied from stages whipped out of nothing to fancy deals like the Jungle Bowl in Hollandia. The troupe did vaudeville-type stuff—juggling, acrobatics, songs and blackout skits. It was in one of the latter, a wedding number framed in a big fake *Esquire* cover, that Candy lost the top of her dress.

"When the frame went down," she explained, "it hooked on the top of the dress and just took it with it. I went through the number, sweetly holding up the shreds for camouflage. After that time, we did the number in a reworked model of the same dress, the only strapless wedding dress I've ever seen."

Candy herself, in spite of eczema and FUO, earthquake and ripped wedding dresses, is still most relaxing on the eyes. She is a tall girl, outdoor-model type, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

She stands 5 feet 10 inches in her socks and when she wears the 4-inch heels she bought in Tacloban—the shoes have miniature nipa huts on them—she towers over the average guy. She towers so attractively, however, that the average guy can put up with it.

She started out on her career in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where she was born and christened Jessie Wilcox. Jessie Wilcox she continued to be when her family moved to Atlantic City a few years later. She didn't distinguish herself in any particular way until 1941, when she became Miss Atlantic City, an honor she is today a little shy of recalling.

"Then I got a call from a model agency in New York," she remembers. "It was *the* big agency and they sent me a telegram: How would I like to work for them? Report immediately. I reported immediately and they acted as if they'd never heard of me. I didn't like that, so I looked around New York. Harry Conover noticed me while I was looking around and gave me a job modeling at his agency. Along with the job, he gave me a new name, Candy Jones. I've been using it ever since."

The name Candy Jones stuck in people's memories, and the face and figure that went with it stuck, too, and soon the late Jessie Wilcox was a top-flight model. She got on magazine covers, and Winchell told whom she happened to be crazy about at any particular moment and vice versa. She stepped from modeling into a showgirl job in the 1943-44 musical, "Mexican Hayride." She went along with the name Candy, playing it up by having her monogram printed in peppermint-stick letters on her stationery and matchbooks and so on.

She went from "Hayride" into the Pacific tour and, now that she's back, she's doing another showgirl chore in the new musical called "Polonaise."

"It's more than a showgirl, really," she says. "I speak a few lines this time."

JUST as our interview was winding up, I thought of one more question I wanted to ask Candy: How had she liked spending a Christmas overseas?

"Well, it wouldn't have been bad, really," she said, "if I hadn't gone and tried to be so smart.

"You see, I was staying with the 334th General Hospital in Hollandia. Christmas Eve had been rough. We had carol singing and whipped up a little bit of the spirit of the season and then they brought in some casualties. Somehow, it seemed worse than ever—no matter how many wounded men you might have seen—to see them on Christmas Eve.

"But Christmas Day started out well. The guys in the mess were buzzing around with their preparations for a real Christmas dinner—turkey and everything. It sounded wonderful. I could hardly wait till evening. In fact, I didn't.

"A friend asked me to go to the officers' club for dinner at noon and, thinking happily that I'd be able to wolf down two Christmas feasts, I accepted.

"The officers'-club lunch was corned-beef hash; they weren't having their dinner till evening. But I could dream of dinner at the hospital.

"I went back to the 334th in plenty of time, believe me. When I got back everyone was sitting around, stuffed and cheery. *They'd* had their dinner at noon.

"I couldn't go back to the club because there was a rule that no transient guest could eat more than one meal there a day. I had a Spam Christmas dinner that evening at the hospital mess."

Candy strikes a strictly non-glamor pose aboard the carrier *Essex* off Leyte.

A COUPLE of years ago Frances Rafferty visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio to lunch with a friend. A producer spotted her. Frances has lunched there ever since. Before becoming a movie actress, Frances was a secretary and a dancer. She stands 5 feet 5½, weighs 115, has auburn hair and hazel eyes. Her latest for MGM is "The Hidden Eye."

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The Picnic of Cell Block 7

By Sgt. JAMES DUGAN

"Authorities are investigating an amazing situation at the Southern Michigan State Penitentiary, world's largest prison. It is alleged that a ring of inmates is allowed to go on week-end trips outside the prison. Dressed in civilian clothes, they consort with women, and have a regular supply of liquor and money."—NEWS ITEM.

THE boys from Cell Block No. 7 were having a picnic on the shores of Lake Michigan. Dressed in colored slacks and Bing Crosby beach shirts, the clubmen lolled around under gaily-striped beach umbrellas, sipping delicious cooling drinks such as Boilermakers and Dog's Noses, while dancing girls from the Green Street Burlesque did slow bumps on the sand.

Hot Jallopy Smith yawned deliciously and asked, "Pass me them pickled eggs, will youse, Mullvany? I swear they're just like mother used to steal." Mullvany tossed the jar of pickled eggs across the checkered cloth spread in their midst. A playful comrade pulled out his .45 and broke the jar in mid-air. Hot Jallopy, his temper aroused, drew his carbine M-1, and shot off the joker's right ear.

"Aw, fellers," pleaded Four-Eyes Siciliano, "don't louse up the picnic. You'll spoil it for all of us. Just remember how long it took to get those wardens to okay our passes."

Sobered by the thought of being confined to quarters and missing their Wednesday nights at Madame Kate's, the boys put away their arms.

They poured themselves long drinks, and settled down comfortably with their arms around their girls to tell stories.

Storyteller, their favorite raconteur, began: "Once upon a time, as a matter of fact last year, I was with the fellows over in Block Three—that crowd that goes up to the northern lakes for their week ends. We was in a night club on the edge of Lake Minnehaha. We was dancing around, minding our own business, and not breaking a thing. The band was swell—Vincent Veneroso and his Vibrant Venetians, they play Lombardo-type music, smooth and dreamy. As I say, everything was peaceful as a hick courtroom, until all of a sudden some soldiers came in. You know them basters; don't know how to hold it.

"The soldier boys start giving us ornery looks, and making remarks about draft dodgers. Now, you know and I know, that if they'd let us in the old uniform every man-jack would be fighting for his country. But try to tell that to the guys that have been clapped in the brown suits; they just don't understand. So we are burning plenty underneath at these remarks, but we never let on we heard. Then the soldier boys begin cutting in on our girls. Dames is dames all over—present company excepted. The first thing you know one of these soldiers is asking for a dance from Goon Johanson's girl.

"Goon Johanson has removed five guys for lifting his women, otherwise he wouldn't o' been at Michigan State in the first place. He controls himself perfectly and lets the dame dance with the soldier boy, a good-looking kid with curly hair and quite a few of them ribbons on his chest. But the girl starts melting too close with the soldier as The Goon watches. Finally The Goon trucks out onto the floor and tries to cut in. I hear it all coming. The soldier makes a remark about draft dodgers. The first thing you know, whammy! The card is on—us against the soldiers.

"It was good while it lasted, but in our position we couldn't stand to have cops coming in to look at it. Somebody douses the lights, and out we go. When we count off we find out The Goon is missing. We try to go back and get him but by then the cops are there.

"WE found out later what happened to The Goon. The cops find him laid out stony on the dance floor, and they take him off to the town pokey. When The Goon awakens up he is in a cell with a good-looking young guy sitting there dressed in a race-track suit. This young guy turns over his lapel and lo'nd behold, he's from the FBIs. The Goon finds out the young guy has gone through his pockets and has his wallet emptied and laid out. Naturally, The Goon don't carry any papers with his name and number on them when he's on a trip. He tells the FBI a phony name. The FBI says, 'Well, my friend, where's the papers from your draft board? You look like the perfect picture of health.' The Goon is in for plenty of trouble. The young guy is naturally not going to understand being out on pass from the pen, and The Goon does not want to tell him this layout we have.

"To make a long story short, The Goon finds himself in the Army jail at Leavenworth, put down as draft dodger, which is plenty unfair. Living conditions are very bad—it is not at all an up-to-date pen, Leavenworth. The Goon works like a beaver and gets himself out of the Arm pen into the Army—in a special battalion for ba boys to work it off.

"There is a lot of travel connected with this such as England and the Rhine River. But yo should hear what The Goon says goes on in th Army. A big crumb of a warden they call th Number One Sergeant is on your tail from morn in' to night; do this and do that. Over this on there are lots of higher wardens, each one o which has to knuckle down to the next highe one. Everybody tries to hurt the dignity of th next guy down. Finally at the bottom there i The Goon, who is treated but bad.

"They make him work in the kitchen, they make him go around picking up paper from th ground. They march him around, not like exercise in the yard, but long hikes with a heavy bundle on his back. They jam his face into a rubber doohicky so he can't breathe good.

"And there ain't no time off. The Goon don't get to see a dame more'n ten minutes while these wardens is driving him toward the war. They don't let The Goon near Paris. They put him on the crew of a great big iron rowboat to get the soldiers across the Rhine River.

"THE upshoot of all this is that The Goon ain't happy. He would like to be back at Michigan State, fishing and taking cottages for the week ends. Every time The Goon goes off by himself to get a breath, they have special wardens with big gats to chase him back in, called Ms and Ps. The hours is terrible, and the pay is lousy. Every time they move on they give The Goon some new kind of funny money. It looks like stuff The Engraver made on a bad day. You can't buy peanuts with it.

"They get this iron rowboat down into the Rhine after carrying it all across them Old Countries. The Goon finds out on top of all the dirty work there is guys shooting at him. By this time he's a trusty and wears a stripe on his sleeve, and is supposed to steer one of the scows across.

"The Goon is plenty broody out in the river with a lot of guys taking wild shots at him. He can't see who's shooting. And there's a Sergeant yelling at him. Well, The Goon's temper busts. As the boat hits the far bank The Goon gets out and starts looking for the guys that took the wild shots while he was in the boat.

"Before he calms down he wipes out a couple of dozen of them. The wardens tell him he's gonna get a lot more stripes. But The Goon tells them he don't want to be a trusty. He decides to make a clean break of the whole matter and tells the head officer he's from Michigan State.

"The head officer says nothing just then. The next day he says to The Goon, 'You are forgiven. Because you got such a great record you are going to be allowed to stay in the Army.' It takes three men to get The Goon back to the hole in the ground they make him sleep in. Lo'nd behold, the next day they line up all the soldiers and they ask The Goon to step out. He feels good—maybe they're gonna send him back to Michigan State.

"Not on your life. What they do is pin a medal on him. The Goon has to stand there while a warden makes a speech and pins this thing on him. The Goon says you couldn't get more'n a half buck for it from a Philadelphia fence.

"The Goon can't stand it no more. He jumps the warden and works over him, in fronta all the men.

"That got results," said the Storyteller. "The Goon got sent back to Michigan State, and he's happy than a lark. I'll bet right this minute he's laying in a canoe up at Lake Minnehaha, recuperating from the Army."

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Dan Ferris of the NAAU

OLYMPIC PROSPECTS

By Sgt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

EVEN with the war over, there isn't much chance of reviving the Olympic Games until 1948, according to Dan Ferris, secretary and treasurer of the National Amateur Athletic Union, the body which oversees track and field competition in the U. S. "It will take that long to get the committee together from all over the world, decide on a site for the Games and issue the invitations," says Ferris.

Dan has been connected with track since 1907, when, as a boy just out of Pawling (N. Y.) High School, he sprinted under the banner of the Irish American A.C., at that time one of the most famous track-and-field organizations in the world. The late James A. Sullivan, who then held the post Ferris now occupies, took a liking to Dan and hired him as his secretary. Dan held the job until 1914, when he became assistant to the president of the NAAU. He took over his present assignment in 1928.

During the past 38 years Ferris has seen just about every outstanding contemporary track star in the world. He has top qualifications for briefing YANK readers on future U. S. contestants in the Olympic Games.

"Leslie MacMitchell, who was one of our best milers while he was running for New York University, is a good example of what can happen to a trackman during a war," said Dan before naming his Olympic prospects. "Les was stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard after he had his tour of sea duty, and so he planned to compete in the National Championships at Randall's Island in June. He was in good physical condition, but he hadn't competed in some time.

"He tried to get in shape, but he finally had to give up. Track calls for a different set of muscles and he couldn't get into the kind of condition he needed against the kind of competition he knew he would meet.

"Ted Meredith told me about having the same sort of a problem after the last war. Ted was a great miler at the University of Pennsylvania before the war and, naturally enough, wanted to make the Olympic team in 1920. He trained for seven months and finally qualified for it, but he told me that he should have had at least three more months of hard training. His muscles were never quite the same.

"What's more, some of the outstanding track men of today will be too old for Olympic competition by the time it is revived. For instance, Barney Ewell, who won the senior 100-meter dash in the National Championships at Randall's Island in June, is 26 years old. He'll be too old for top-notch competition in the dashes in a couple of years. Barney, who used to run for Penn State, beat Perry Samuels by four yards in 0:10.3, time which equalled the championship record, but Perry is a better prospect for the next Olympics."

Samuels, who is a rather small, bowlegged but well-muscled 155-pounder, went out for track at Thomas Jefferson High School in San Antonio, Tex., originally to improve his speed for football, as he was one of the leading scorers in Texas schoolboy gridiron circles. During 1944 he always finished second to his teammate, Charley Parker, winner of the senior 200-meter title in 1944 and unbeaten in 52 starts. This year, with Parker in the Army, Perry came into his own. He turned in a 0:9.5 100-yard dash and attracted national attention when he won the junior 100-meter crown the day before he finished second to Ewell in the senior event.

Claude Young of the University of Illinois, who is also in the service, Bill Mathis of Cardoza High School in Washington, D. C., and Parker are the other dashmen Ferris thinks have a chance of making the Olympic team. Mathis ran in the Nationals, but he was hampered by the fact that a leg ailment kept him out of competition until late in May. The others were not able to compete because of their military duties.

FERRIS is enthusiastic about Roland Sink, winner of the senior 1,500-meter title, as an Olympic prospect. "Dean Cromwell, who was his coach for a year at Southern California, and Jack Ryder, who coached Gil Dodds, think he is capable of a four-minute mile," said Ferris of Sink. "As a senior at South Pasadena (Calif.) High School in 1943, Sink ran a mile in 4:21.4, breaking a record that had been established by Lou Zamperini and winning the National Interscholastic Championship. He also won the junior 1,500-meter title that year. In 1944 he was a freshman at the University of Southern California and didn't get a chance to compete in the Nationals, but his best effort was a 4:17 mile.

"Sink beat Jimmy Rafferty, the indoor-mile champion, in a 4:21 mile exhibition in the mud at Andover Academy last spring," said Ferris. "Jim had just finished the winter season, during which he beat Gunder Hägg three times, but he wasn't expecting to meet the kind of competition Sink gave him at Andover.

"After that, Roland won the mile at the New England Championships in 4:17.9, the same time as Rafferty won the mile in at the Metropolitan Championships. It was a very hot day when Sink won the senior 1,500-meter title at Randall's Island, but it didn't seem to bother him. He's only 19 years old and small, sort of on the Joey Ray pattern, but he has a great future ahead of him."

Jack Dianetti of East Rochester (N. Y.) High School, Walter Soltow of DeWitt Clinton High School in New York City and Jim Kittrell of Missoula (Mont.) High School, Greg Rice's alma mater, are other young middle-distance runners Ferris thinks have a chance to make the Olympic team. Soltow, who has been under 4:30 in schoolboy miles, won the junior 3,000-meter steeplechase and finished second to Jim Wisner in the senior 3,000-meter steeplechase at Randall's Island. Kittrell didn't compete in the Nationals, but he has been clocked in 4:27.6, excellent time for a schoolboy in the mile.

"Some of these boys are young enough to improve tremendously in competition," said Ferris. "Take this Dianetti, who won the junior 1,500-meter run in 4:01.4 and took third behind Sink and Tom Quinn in the senior 1,500-meter event. The best he had ever done in competition was a 4:31 mile and he was only sent to the National Championships to get some experience in top-flight competition. He's a strong boy with a good sprint and finished with such a terrific kick in both the junior 1,500 and the senior 1,500 that it is reasonable to assume that as soon as he learns to expend his energy a little more evenly he will cut his time down considerably."

Sylvester Bell, an 18-year-old Negro boy who competes for the Los Angeles Boys Club, is the Ferris nominee for future Olympic honors in the running broad jump. "He did 24 feet before he came east," said Dan, "and he beat Herb Douglas of the University of Pittsburgh in the juniors with a jump of 24 feet 10 inches, but Douglas won the senior title and Bell was unplaced. He's a little inconsistent, but experience in competition will cure that."

RONALD FRAZIER, who won both junior and senior low hurdles at the National Championships, is another outstanding Negro boy from the coast. "He was sent east as second choice to Joe Scott by the Los Angeles County Boys' Club," said Ferris, "but he won both titles. He was clocked in 0:23.2 in the junior event and 24 flat in the senior. His time in the junior event was better than the 0:23.4 made by Walker of Illinois, the best time in college competition last spring."

August Erfurth, Lt. Arkie Erwin and Elmore Harriss are other hurdle prospects Ferris has tabbed as future Olympic material. Erfurth is a schoolboy from Breckinridge High School in San Antonio, Tex., but he won the junior high hurdles in 15 flat and finished right behind Charley Morgan of New Orleans while Morgan was winning the senior high hurdles in 0:14.9.

Harriss, the sensation of the 1944 National Championships when he won both the 200-meter low hurdles and the 400-meter run, competed only in the 200-meter run this year, but he won it in 0:21.9. According to Ferris, Harriss's best events are the 200-meter low hurdles and the 400-meter run.

Erwin, who has won the 400-meter hurdles crown four times in the last five years, recently received his doctor's degree and was commissioned a lieutenant in the Medical Corps. He formerly competed for Louisiana State and has been a star for a number of years, but Ferris figures that he is still young enough to be a factor in the selection of the next Olympic team.

Dan is also of the opinion that Lt. Cornelius Warmerdam, who holds the world's pole-vaulting record of 15 feet 8½ inches, will probably still be competing when the next Olympics roll around, but he also expects Lt. Albert "Boo" Morcom, former University of New Hampshire one-man track team, and Robert Phelps of the University of Illinois to be top men in this event. Army life hasn't proved to be too much of a handicap to Morcom, who is also a 6-foot-4-inch high-jumper, in view of the fact that he was able to tie for the senior pole-vault title with Phelps at Randall's Island at 13 feet 6 inches following only three weeks of practice after more than two years' absence from competition.

Bill Bangert of the University of Missouri, Ed Quirk of St. Louis, Mo., and Earl Audet of the University of Southern California are Ferris's selections as future Olympians among the weight men. According to Dan, Bangert, who tossed the 16-pound shot 52 feet 10 inches to win the senior title at the Nationals, is the best of the trio.

However, Bangert, who played end for the Missouri football team last fall, may not be available for the next Olympics. Bangert, who admits that boxing is his best sport, may quit track to study voice, just as he quit boxing in order not to risk a serious injury to his vocal chords when he got a chance for an audition with the Metropolitan Opera Company last year.

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"ONE THING BEFORE WE VOTE ON THIS POSTWAR DRAFT BILL. WILL IT INCLUDE US?"
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE—SALVAGE DAY WAS YESTERDAY. COME BA NEXT MONTH."
—Sgt. Ozzie St. Ge

"ONE NICE THING ABOUT DEBS—HE ATTENDS TO THE REALLY IMPORTANT MESSAGES HIMSELF."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

"WILLIAM SPENT CONSIDERABLE TIME IN THE PHILIPPINES."
—Sgt. John Kalbach

YANK

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